

Nº 10

JULY

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COMICS

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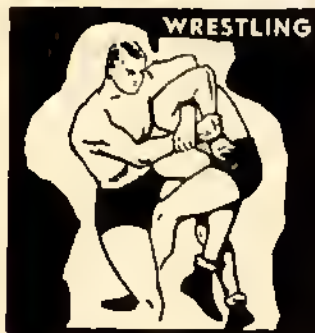
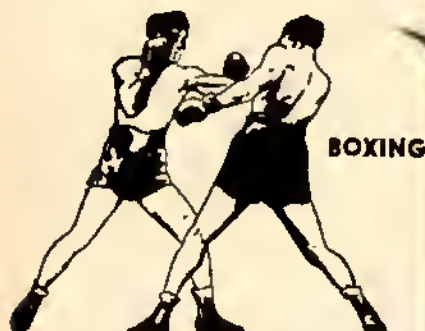
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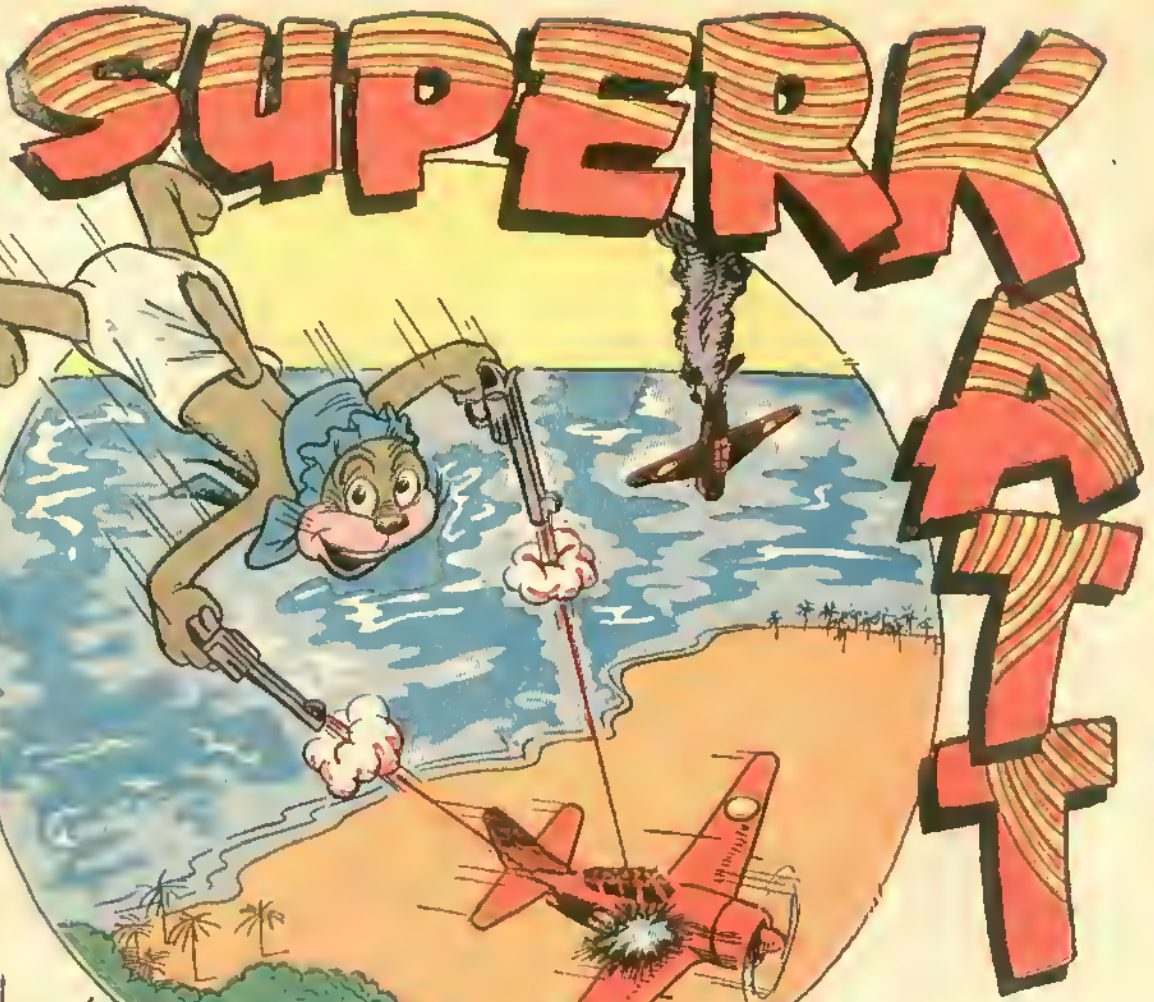
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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STATE _____

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.



dang.

DRAFTIN' DOGS
FER WAR WUZ A
GREAT IDEA,
ALL RIGHT!

YOU SAID IT! WE'D
NEVER O' HAD DIS SWELL
HANGOUT IF DAT MUTT
WUZ STILL AROUND!

YEAH! IT'S SWELL,
HUH?--- BUT I'M
GETTIN' HUNGRY!!

LOOK!
A BOID!!

SOLID
FOOD! OH,
BOY!!



JUST AROUND THE
CORNER...SUPERKATT
GULPS HIS VITAMINS!

GLUG!

HELP!

?

Wam!

I OUGHTA SMACK
YOU FER MAKIN'
ME MISS ME
DINNER!!

I'M SORRY,
SIR... WON'T
YOU HAVE
SOME OF
MINE?

SURE! HAND
IT HERE!!

TCH! TCH!!
TOO BAD--
IT'S EMPTY!

DERE!! SEE?
IT'S FULL
AGAIN!!

EMPTY, EH? WELL,
I THINK I KIN
FIX DAT!!

HE LOOKS
LIKE A
GOLDFISH!

CUT DE COMEDY
AN' LET'S FIND
DAT BOID!

?

HA! HA!
HO-HO!!
HAW!

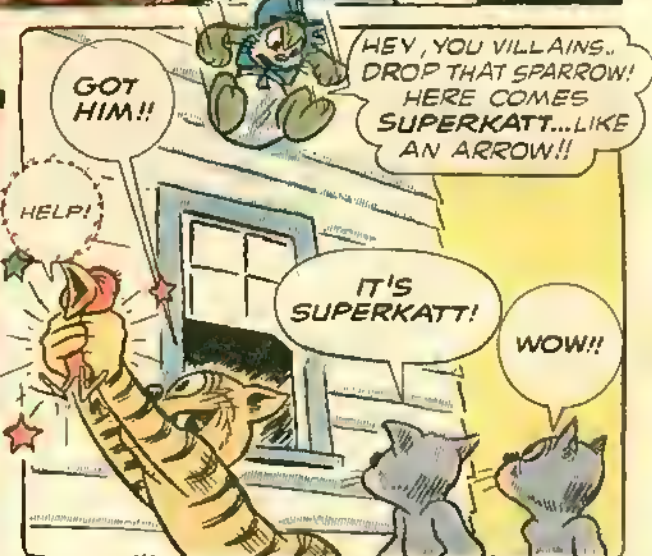
I'D BETTER GET
PETUNIA TO HELP
ME OUTA THIS
BEFORE I
SUFFOCATE!

WOT'S DIS...
A MAN
FROM MARS?

YOU, EH?
DIDN'T AH TELL
YOU NOT TO EAT
'TWEEN YOUAH
MEALS? DIDN'T I?

DOAN' LOOK NOW...
BUT AH IS FORCED TO
USE **COMMANDO
TACTICS!!**

CRASH!!

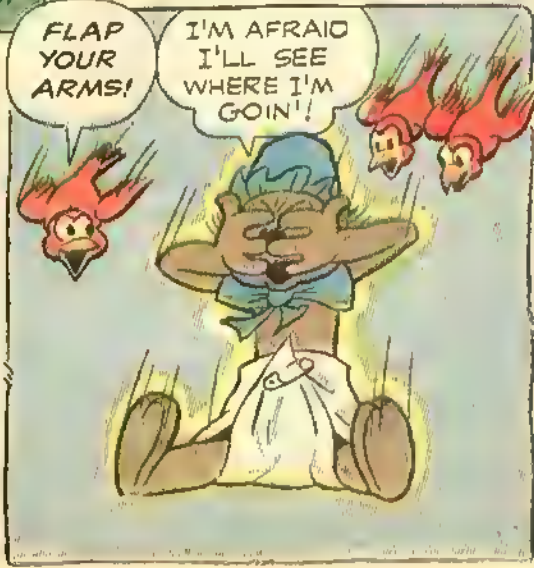
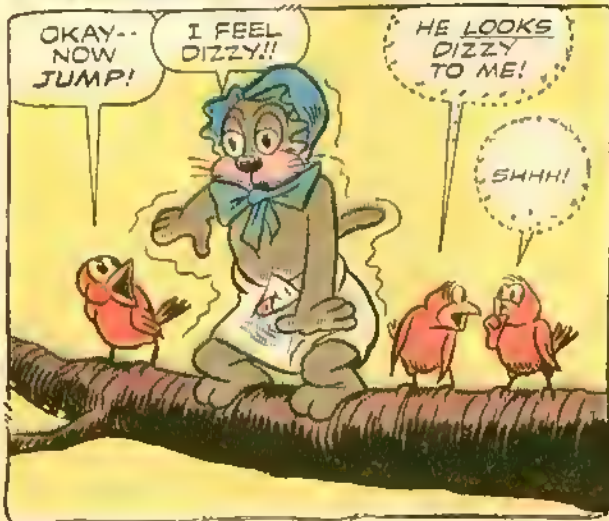
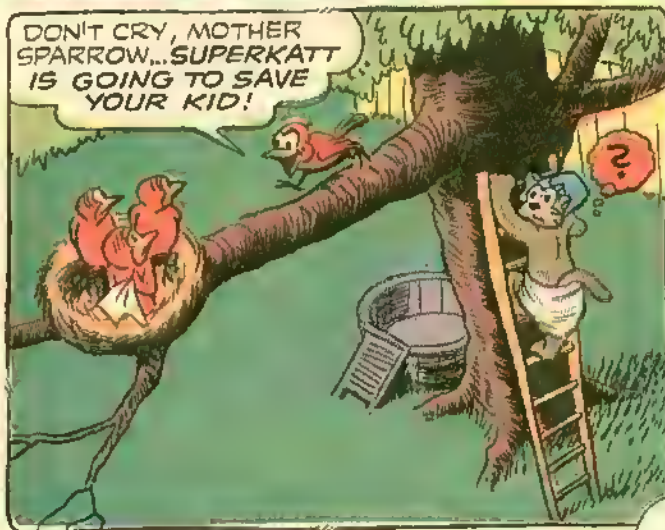


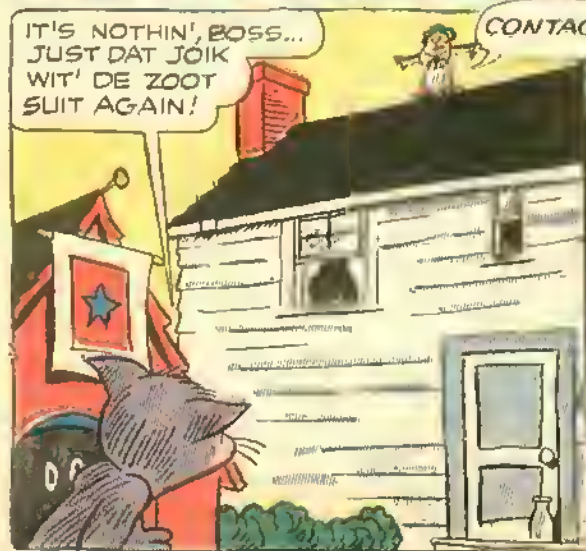
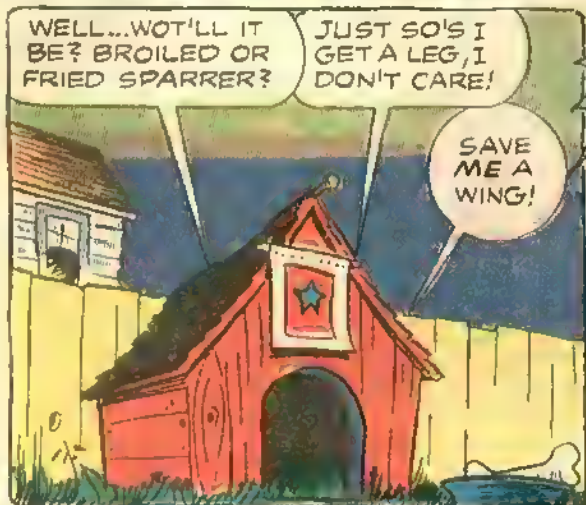
I SAW THAT!
IT WAS A **VERY**
BRAVE EFFORT--
EVEN IF
YOU'RE **NOT**
SUPERKATT!

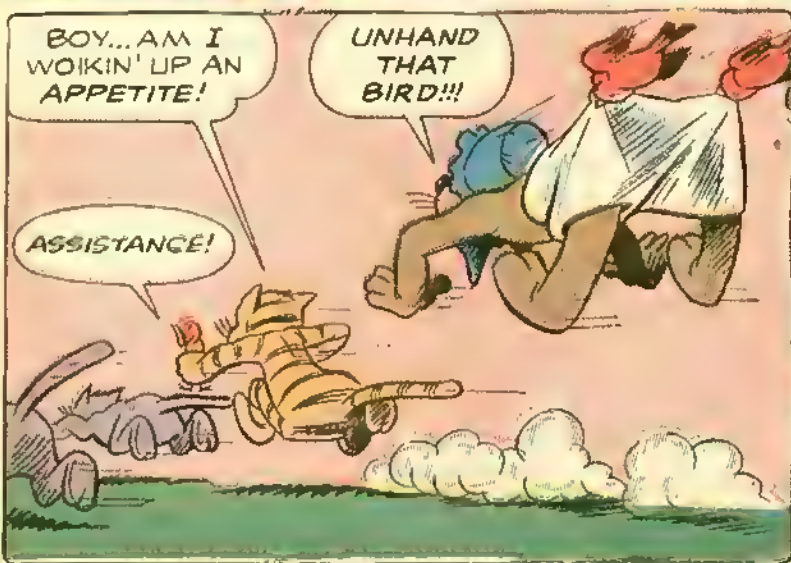
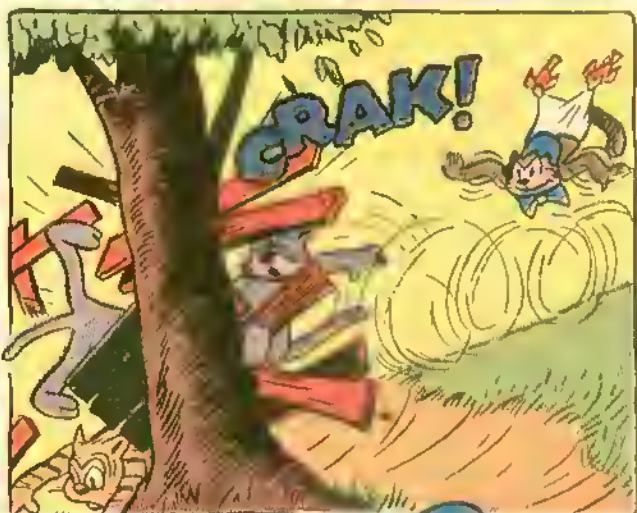
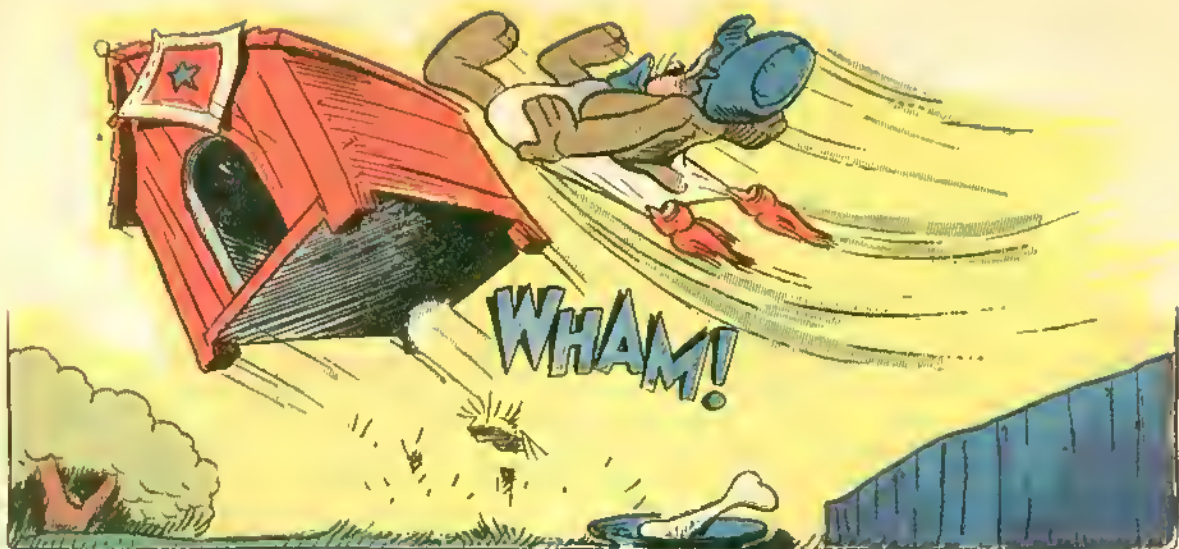
BUT I AM
SUPERKATT!
...(SNIFF)...
I THINK...

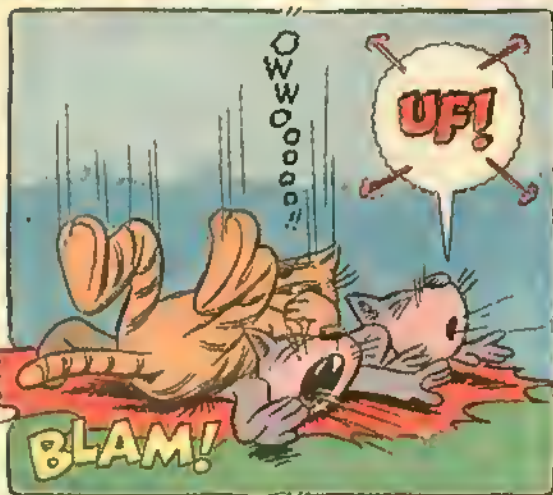
BUT IF I WAS **REALLY**
A SUPERKATT... I'D BE
ABLE TO **FLY**... AND I
FLOPPED! SO I GUESS
I'M JUST A **PHONEY**
AFTER ALL!

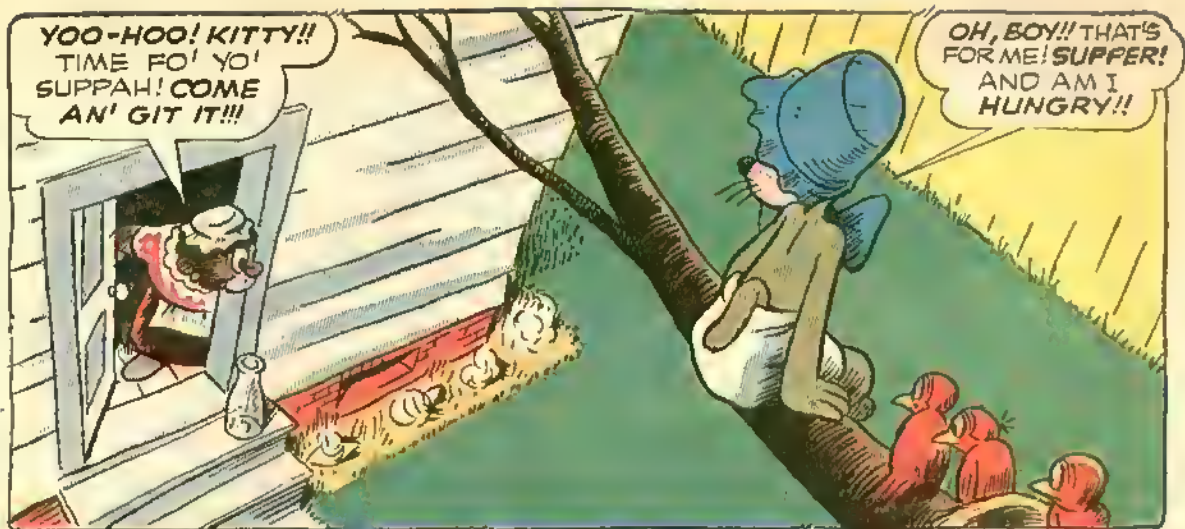
NO! NO! NO!! YOU'RE
NOT A **PHONEY!** YOU
CAN **FLY!!** COME ON--
I'LL SHOW YOU!





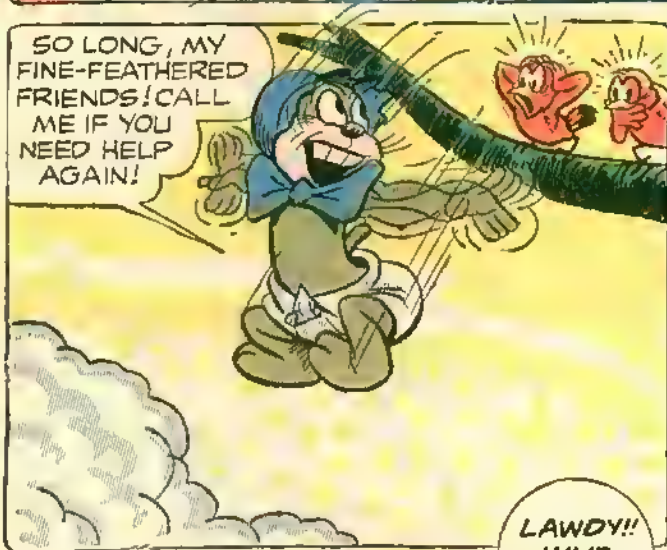






YOO-HOO! KITTY!!
TIME FO' YO'
SUPPAH! COME
AN' GIT IT!!!

OH, BOY!! THAT'S
FOR ME! SUPPER!
AND AM I
HUNGRY!!



SO LONG, MY
FINE-FEATHERED
FRIENDS! CALL
ME IF YOU
NEED HELP
AGAIN!



SUMP'NS GONE
WRONG! I'M FLAPPIN'
...BUT I'M NOT
FLYIN'...I'M
FLOPPIN'!!!

So! EATIN'
'TWEEN MEALS
AGAIN, EH?
WELL, JUST FO'
DAT...YO' GOES
TO BEO WIDOUT
YO' SUPPAH!!



HELP!

LAWDY!!
WUZ-
ZAT?!

WHUP!
CLANK!
CLINKETY-
CLINK!
CLANK!!



The End

Get Rich Quick **BULLHEAD**

by
LESTER TORRINGTON



"**W**HY do you fall for every story you hear?" asked Skeeter Skunk. "There's always somebody ready to cheat you if you aren't on the lookout! You should know that!"

Bullhead Bear shook his head solemnly. "Oh, but you're wrong, Skeeter. People aren't like that at all! Why, I've had perfect strangers come up and offer to help me when I looked as though I needed it!"

"Sure," gibed Skeeter, "like that fellow who saw you looking in the jewelry store window and offered you a bargain on a genuine diamond ring. After you paid him fifty dollars for it—it turned out to be a fake!"

"That's right!" answered Bullhead. "And then I found that somebody had hidden a treasure map in a secret compartment—and I found the treasure and got a *thousand* dollars! You can't make me believe people are bad!"

A sly-looking fox was standing on the corner as they prepared to cross the street. He spoke to them out of the corner of his mouth. "Wanna buy a genuine solid gold brick, fellas?" he asked. "I gotta raise money fer me sister's operation, so I'm willin' to let it go for a song. Only ten dollars—and you'll be able to sell it fer double the price!"

"What do you think we are—suckers?" snapped Skeeter. "That's the oldest racket in the world. Genuine gold brick, indeed! Come on, Bullhead!"

"No, wait a minute." Bullhead held back and, reaching in his pocket, pulled out a ten-dollar bill, in spite of Skeeter's hot protests. "Here you are, my friend," he said, giving it to the fox and taking the gold

brick. "If your sister needs an operation, I'm sure you wouldn't try to cheat me."

Skeeter almost pulled out his hair as the fox walked away with the ten dollars. "What a sap you are!" he said hoarsely. "That's only a piece of brass or lead, painted gold! And you paid ten dollars for it! . . . Wait a minute!" he insisted, as Bullhead tried to argue. "Here comes Professor Oliver Owl, the expert on metals and minerals. He'll tell you the truth!"

Professor Owl was strolling casually down the street, and Skeeter stopped him. "Excuse me, sir, but would you mind looking at this so-called gold brick here and telling my friend it's a fake? Some strange fox just sold it to him."

The Professor looked at the brick casually—then suddenly stared at it with new interest. He lifted it in his hand, then scratched off a bit of the surface in great excitement.

At last he turned to Bullhead. "Young man," he said, "this is not gold, but lead!" Skeeter grinned triumphantly. "Lead, as you know, is used as protection against radium—and this block of lead is hollow. It was stolen from my laboratory last week—and it contains a chunk of radium worth half a million dollars!"

"I've offered a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone who recovers it for me!" went on the professor. "So, if you'll come with me, I'll be glad to pay it to you right now!"

Stunned, Skeeter stared after Bullhead's back as he went off with Professor Owl. "You see?" Bullhead called back. "And you thought that nice fox was a crook!"

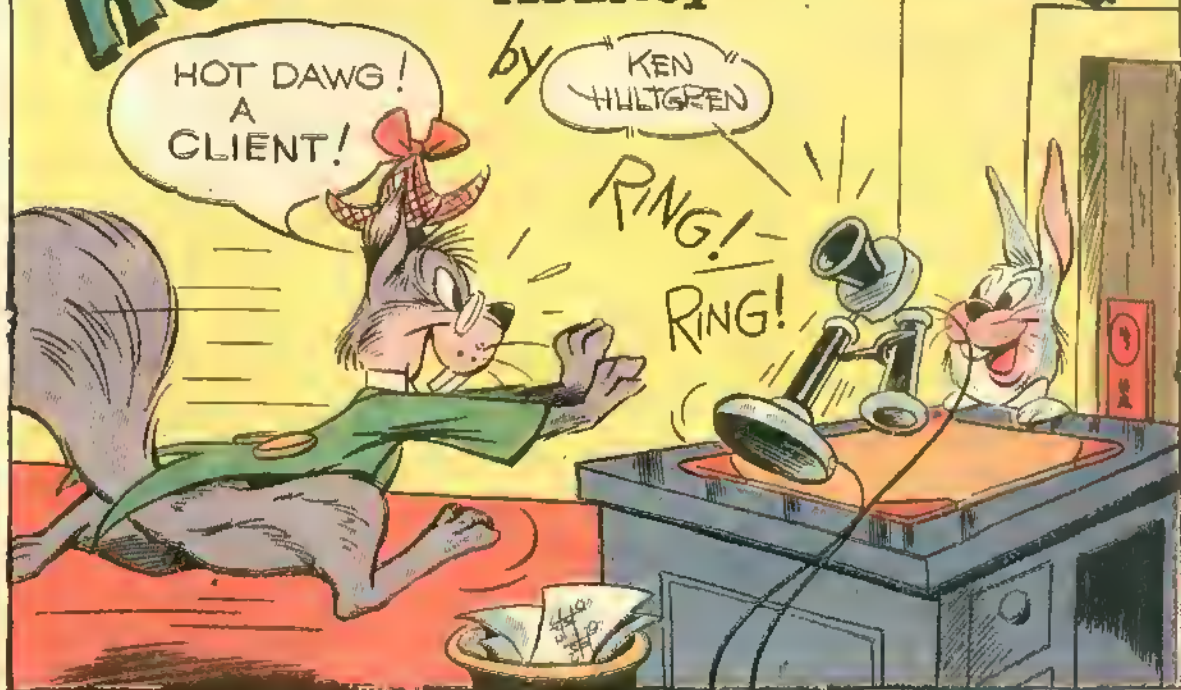
HOKUM and BLOKUM

DETECTIVE
AGENCY

by "KEN
HULTGREEN"

HOT DAWG!
A
CLIENT!

RING!
RING!



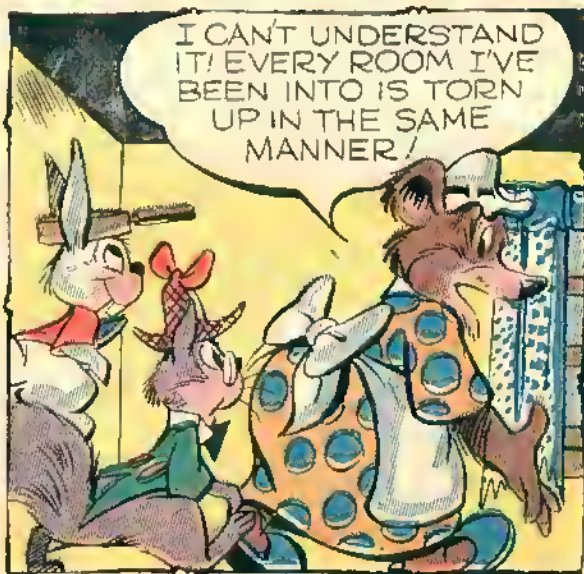
HOKUM AND BLOKUM —
WE SOLVE IT, THEN SOAK 'EM!

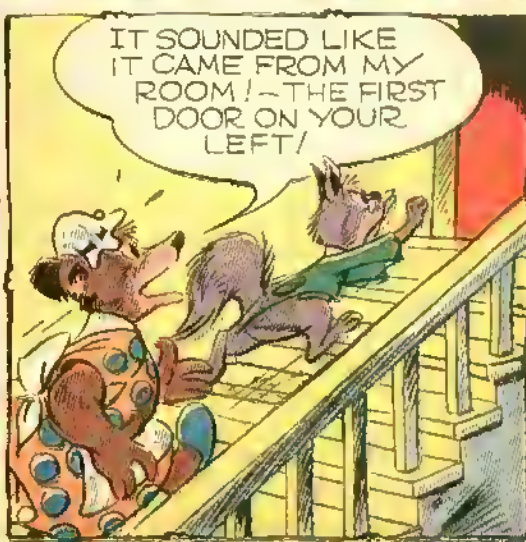
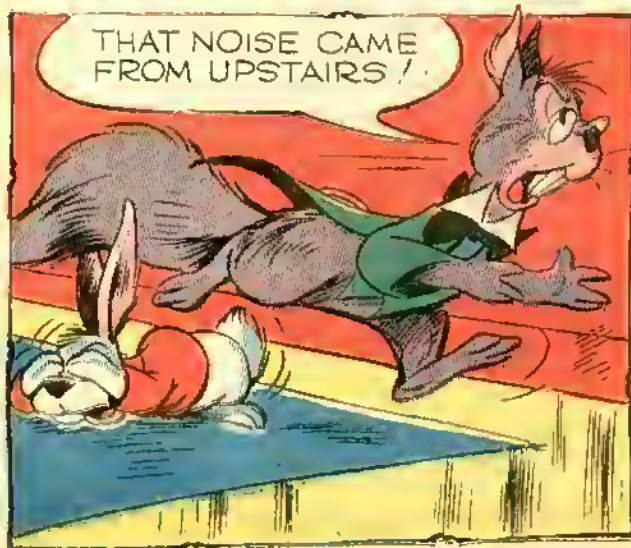
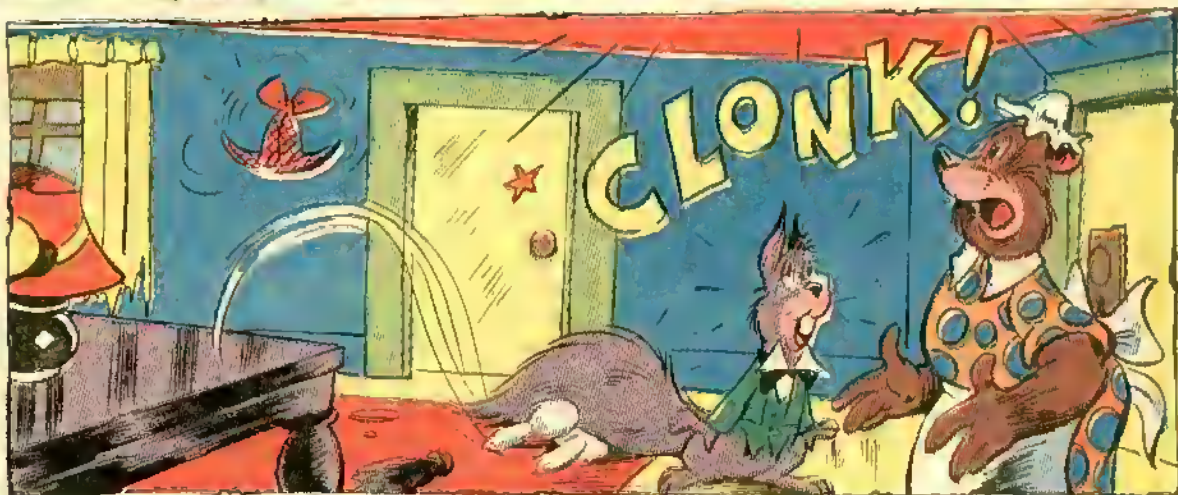
THIS IS
MRS. B.B. BEAR—
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
HAS--

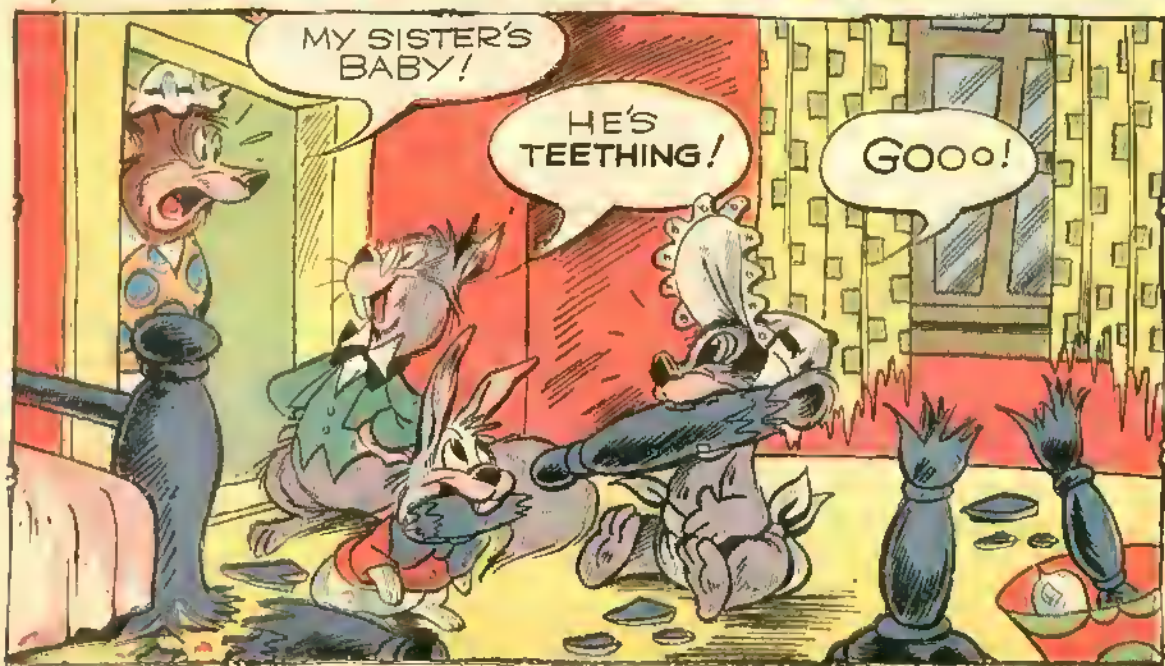


WE'LL BE
RIGHT THERE!









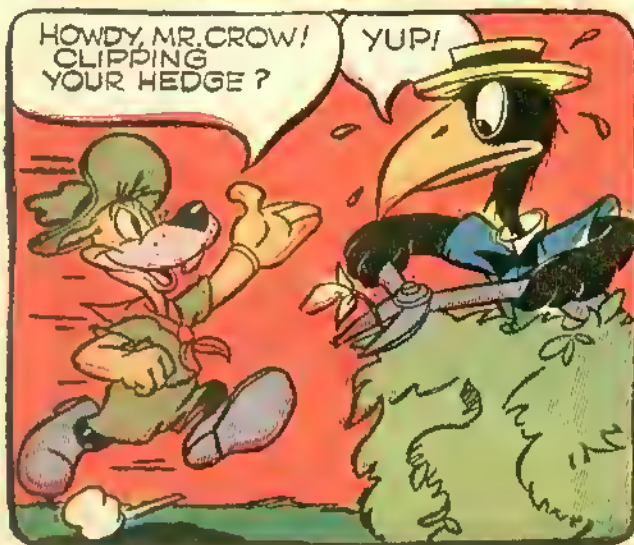
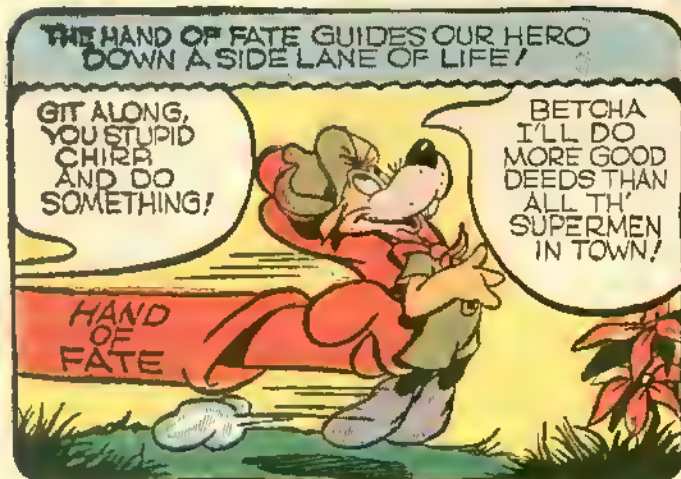


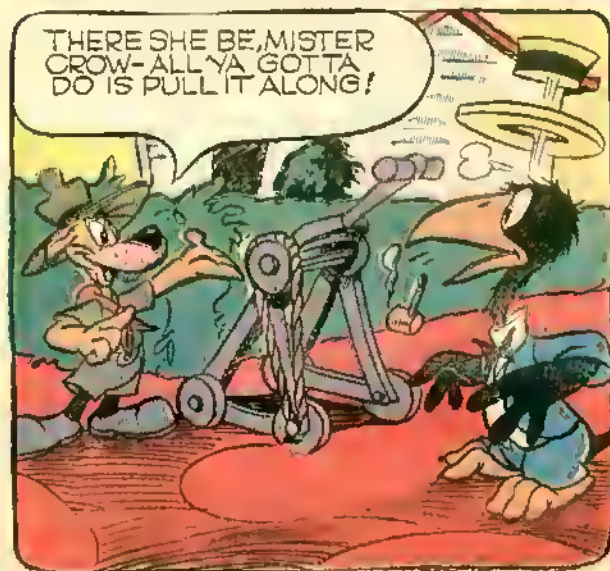
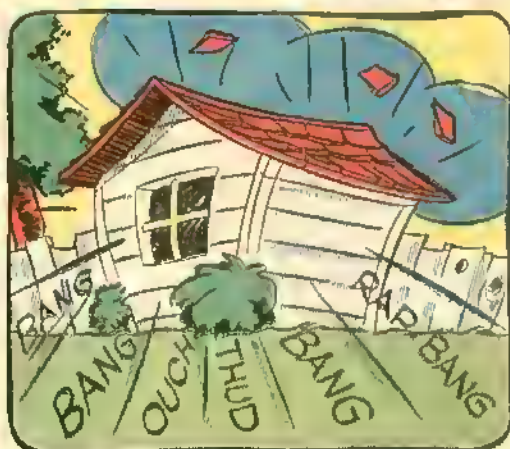
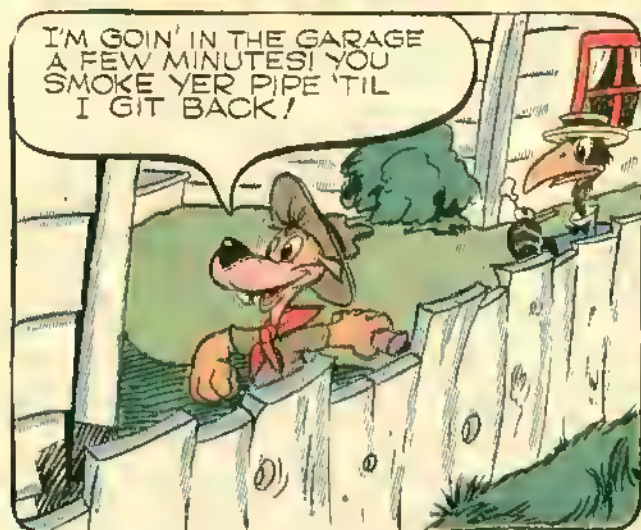
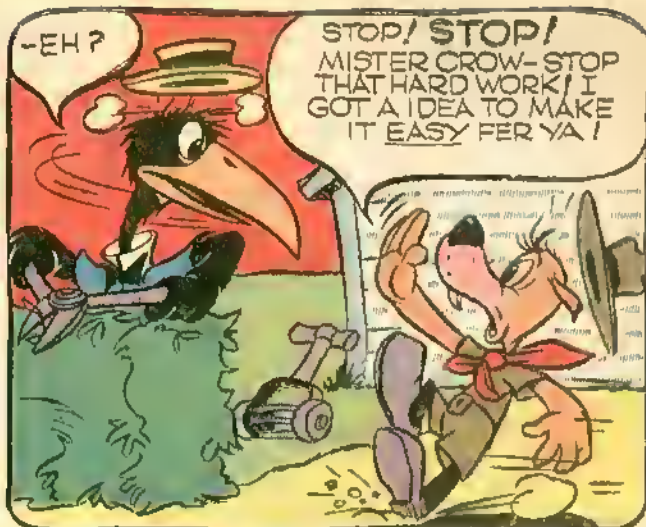
-AND REMEMBER, TROOP
7, IT IS YOUR DUTY TO
DO A GOOD DEED
EVERY DAY! DO YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT,
ALEC?

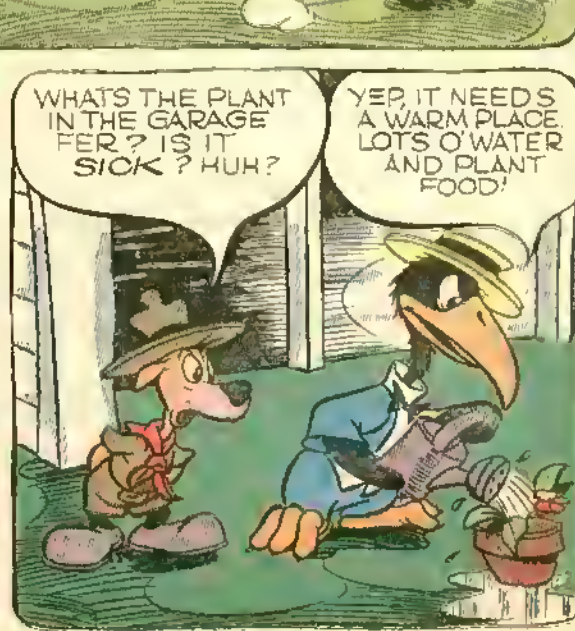
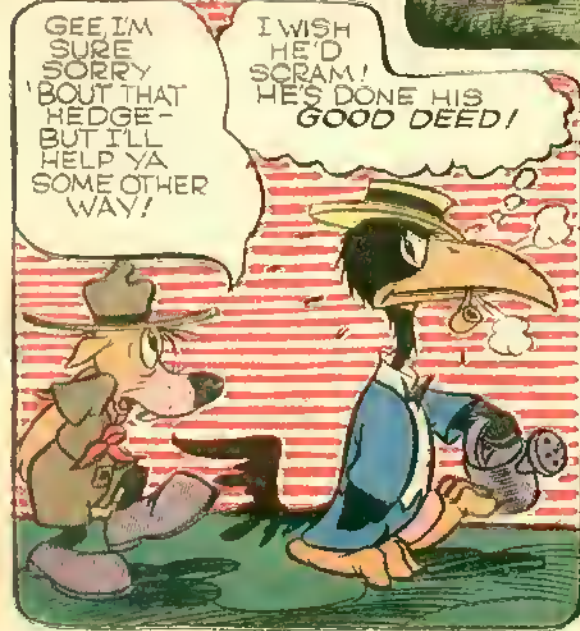
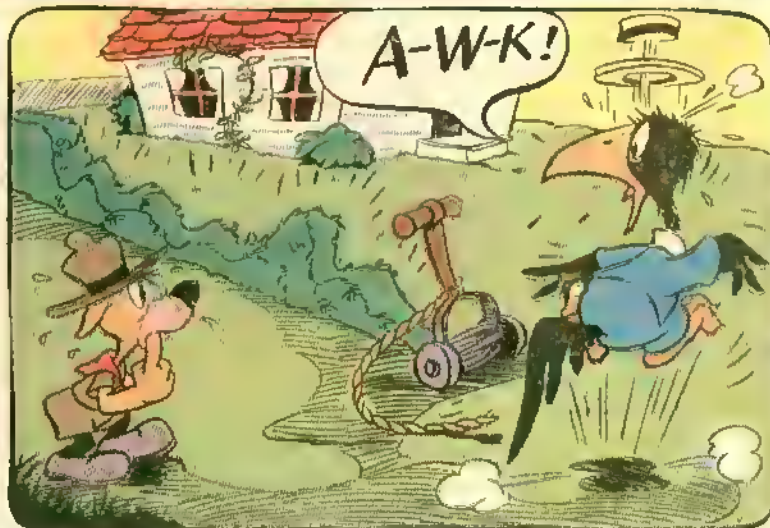
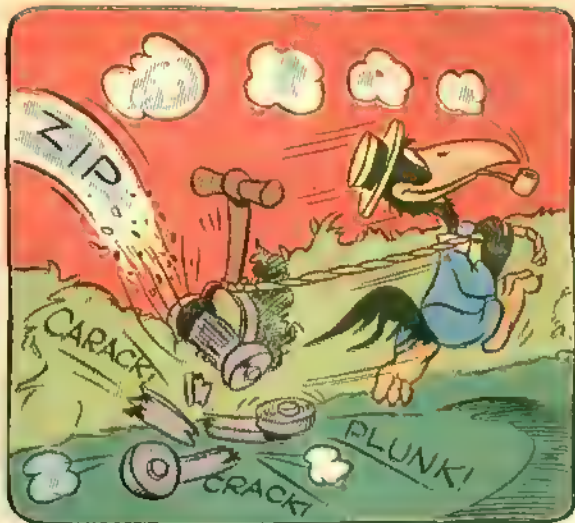
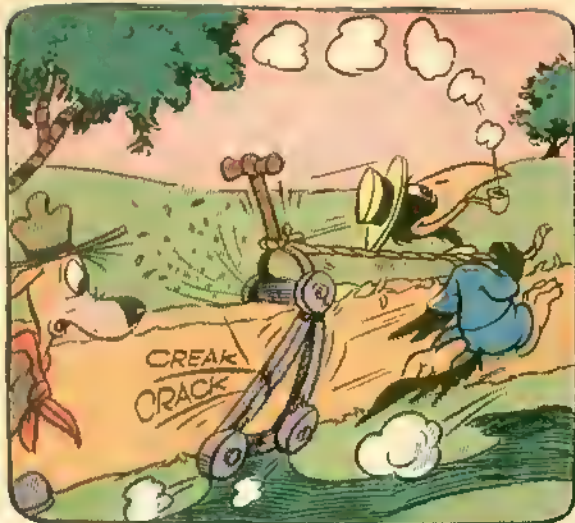
BOYS, YOU MAY GO NOW! GO INTO THE
BIG WORLD AND SPREAD GOOD DEEDS--
THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL PAY
HOMAGE AT YOUR FEET!

CHEE, AIN'T THAT A
BEAUTIFUL THOT?!









GOLLY, I'VE GOT JUST THE THING! MY PAPPY GAVE ME SOME STUFF FER MY GARDEN! ALL YA DO IS PUT IT ON TH' GROUND BY THE PLANT- WATER IT- AND THEN WATCH IT GROW!

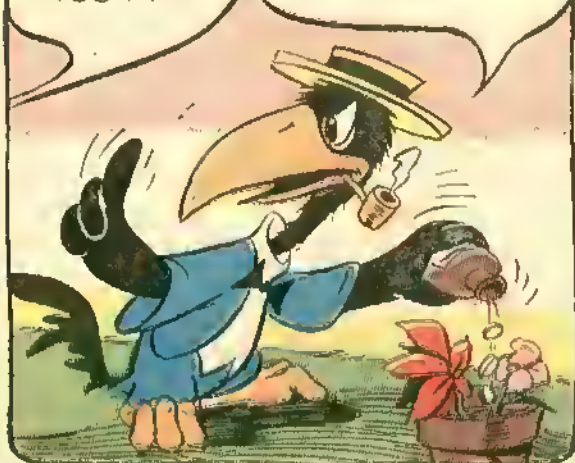


-- 1 TABLET TO EACH PLANT- THEN WATER IT- H-M-M-



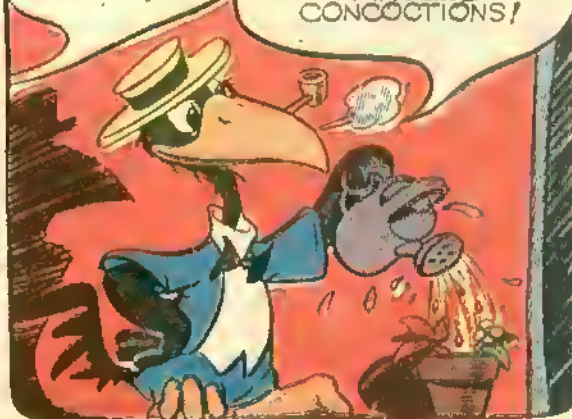
MR. CROW! YOU'RE PUTTING TOO M--

NEVER MIND NOW, I READ THE DIRECTIONS!



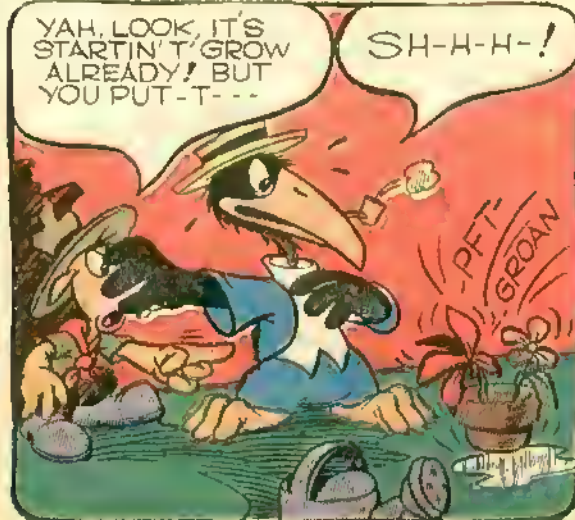
BUT MR. CROW, YOU ONLY PUT O--

QUIET!-I'M A MITE SUSPICIDUS O' THESE NEW-FANGLED CONCOCTIONS!

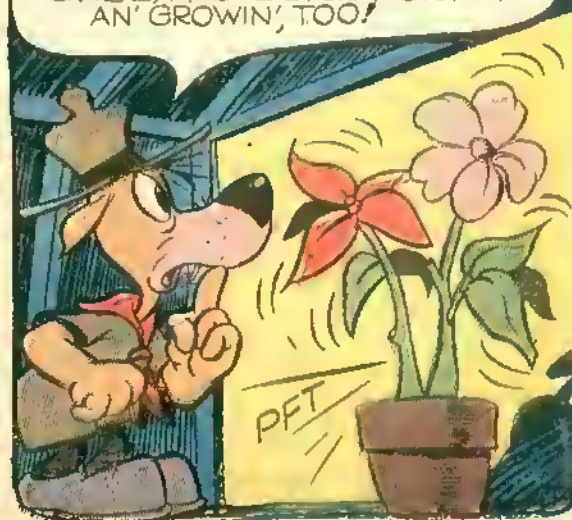


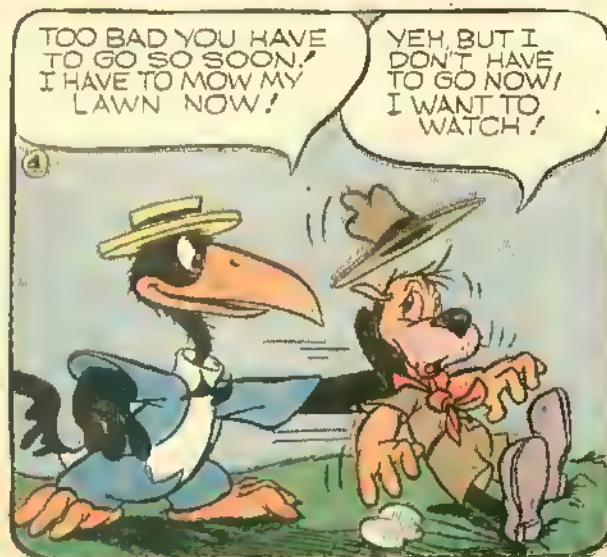
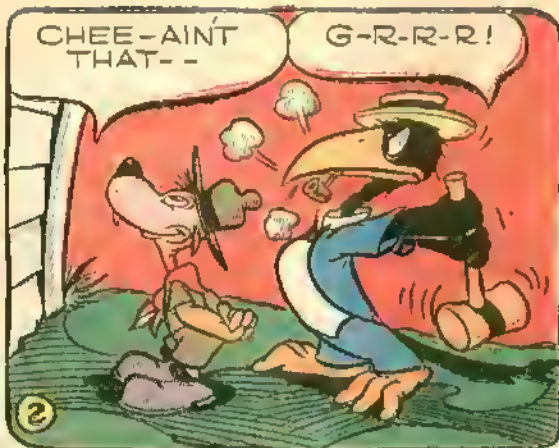
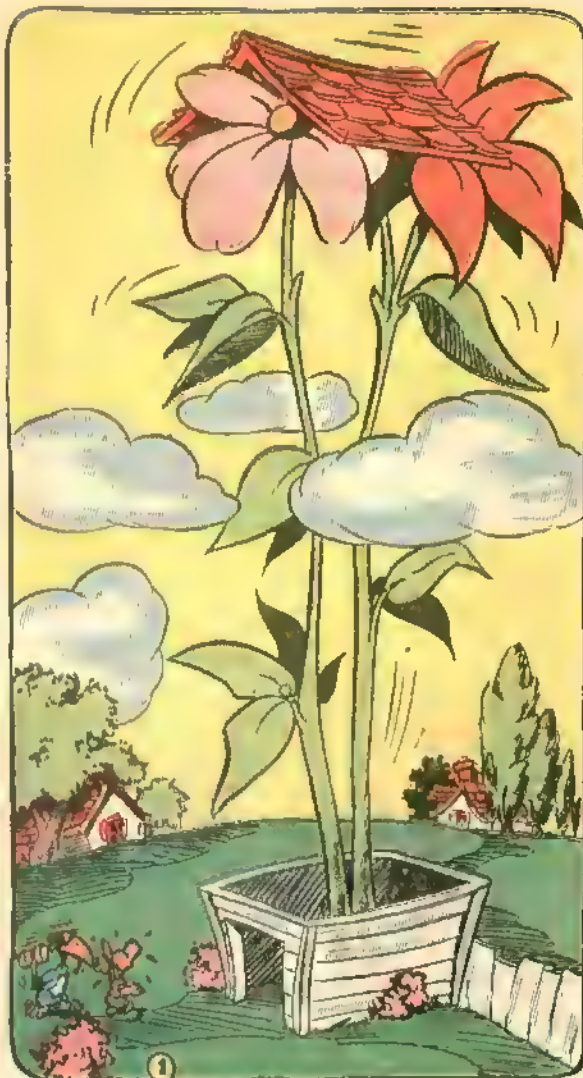
YAH, LOOK, IT'S STARTIN' T' GROW ALREADY! BUT YOU PUT-T---

SH-H-H-!

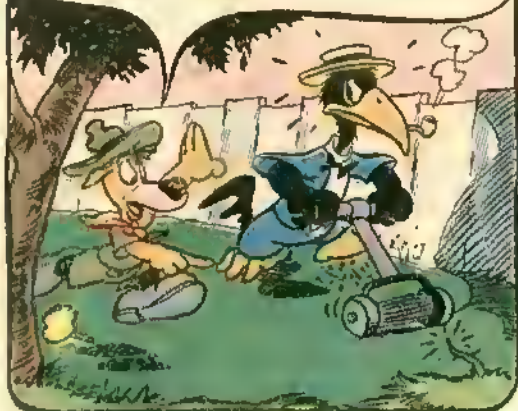


CHEE, IT'S SURE PURTY! AN' GROWIN', TOO!

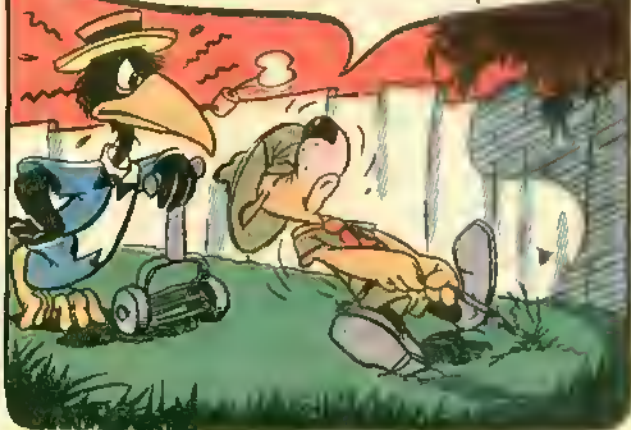




STOP! STOP! MR. CROW!
DON'T MOW THAT ROOT! IT
WILL RUIN YOUR MOWER! I'LL
PULL IT OUT FOR YOU!



THIS IS A TOUGH ONE, BUT I'LL - UH -
HAVE IT OUT FOR YOU IN
A - UH - SECOND!



I'M GOIN' NEXT DOOR AN' TALK TO
SAM WHILE YOU'RE
PULLING THAT
ROOT!

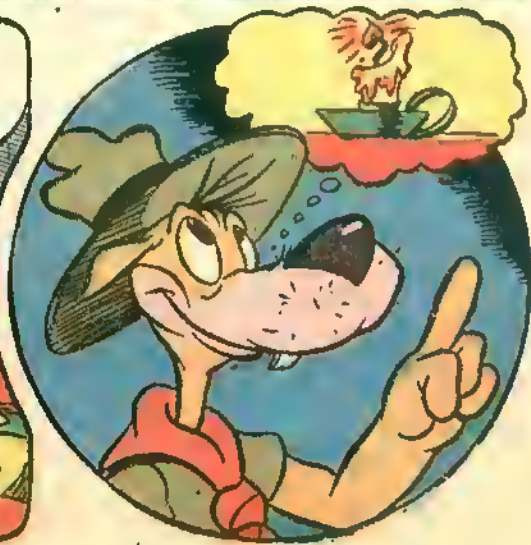
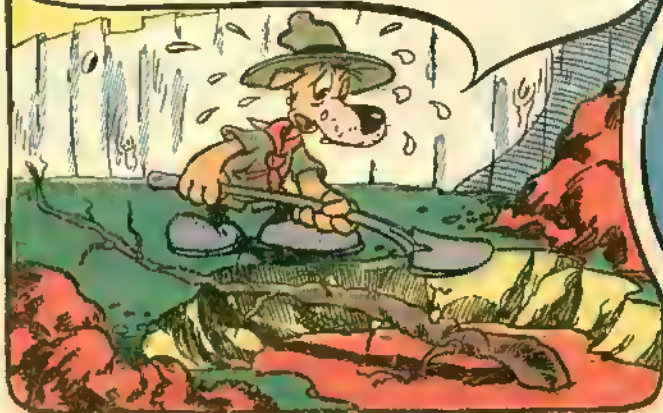
I'D BETTER
GO, BEFORE I GO
CRAZY OR LOSE
MY TEMPER!

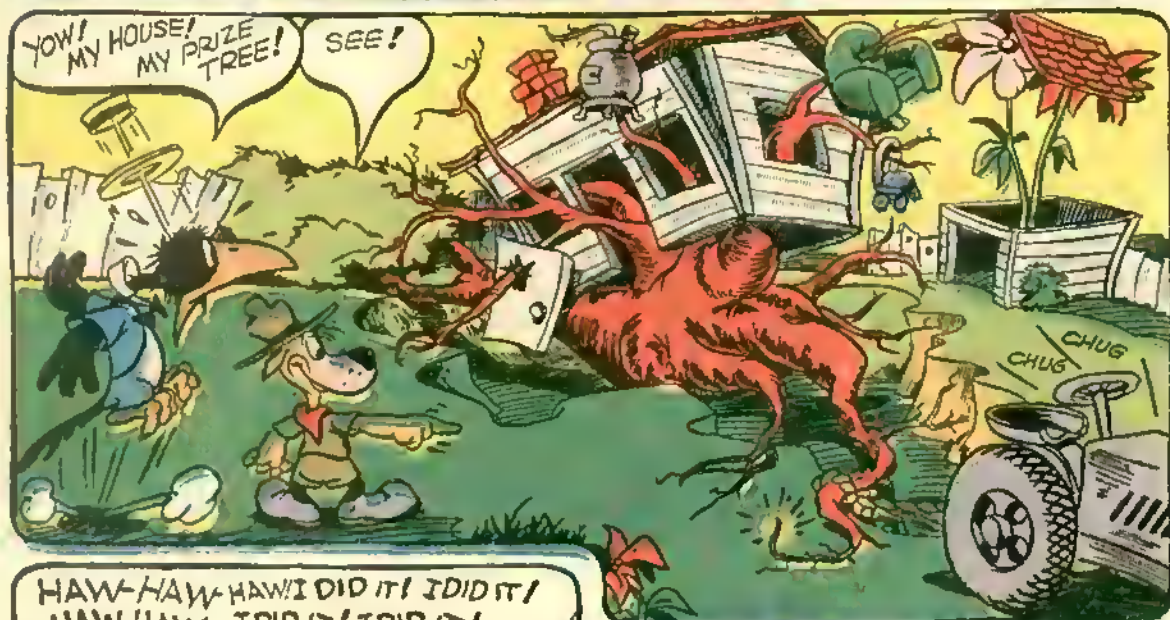
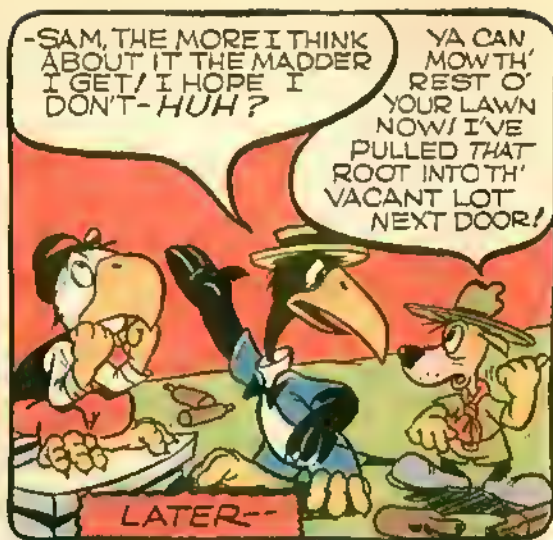
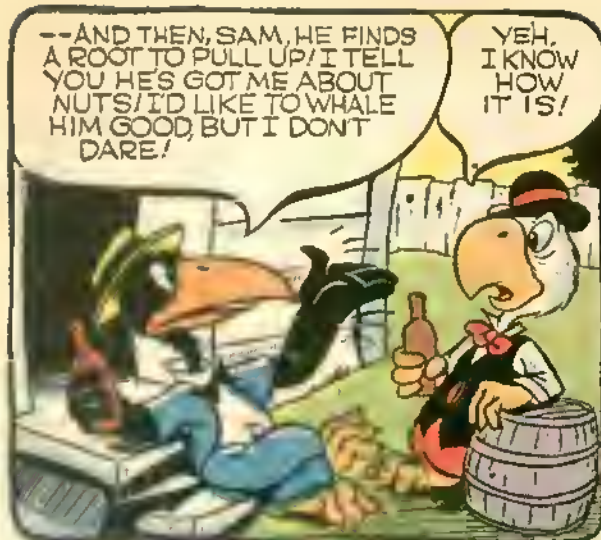


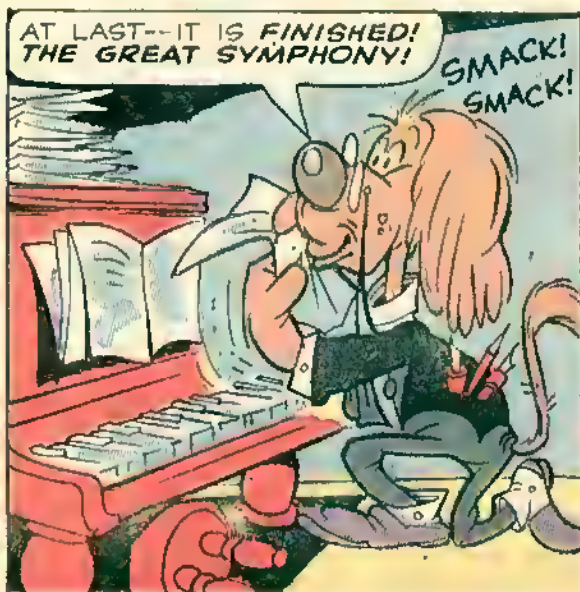
CHEE, THIS IS SURE A BIG ONE!
BUT I GOT T' GET IT OUT AND
DO MY GOOD DEED!

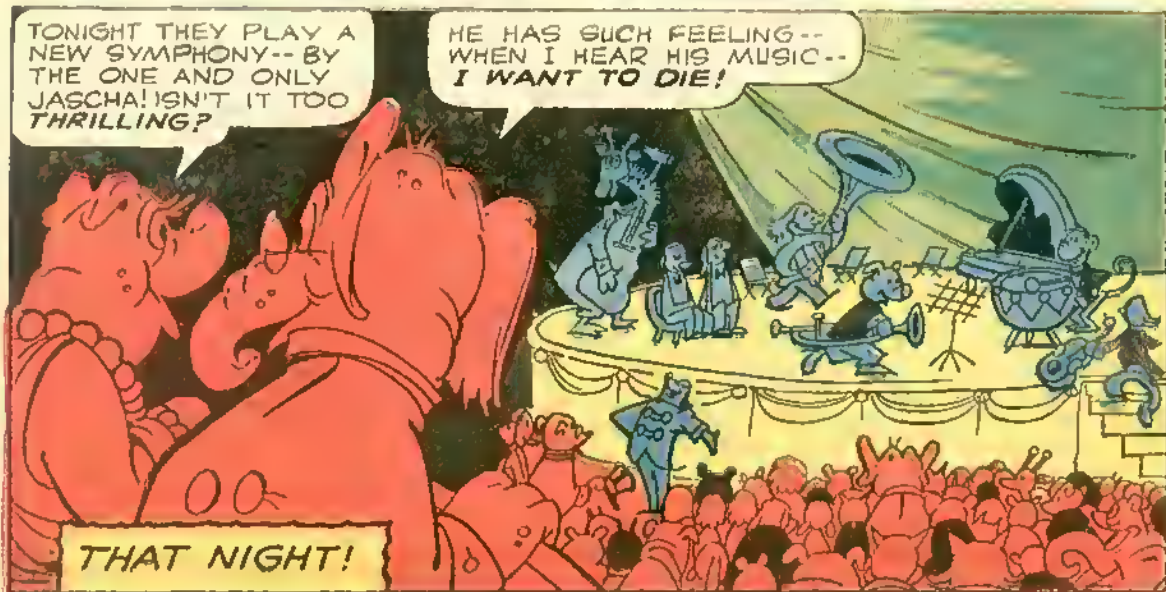
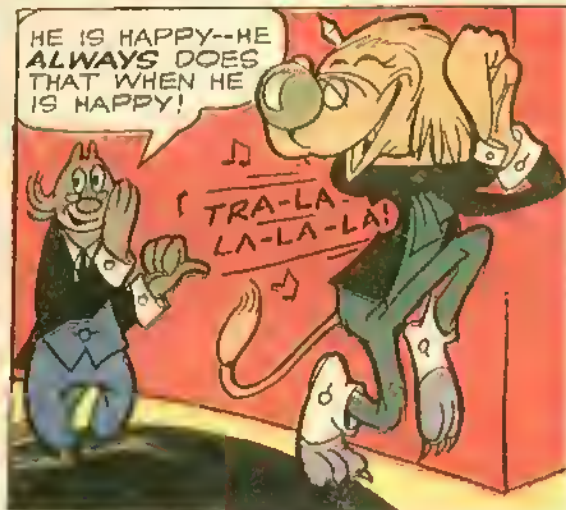
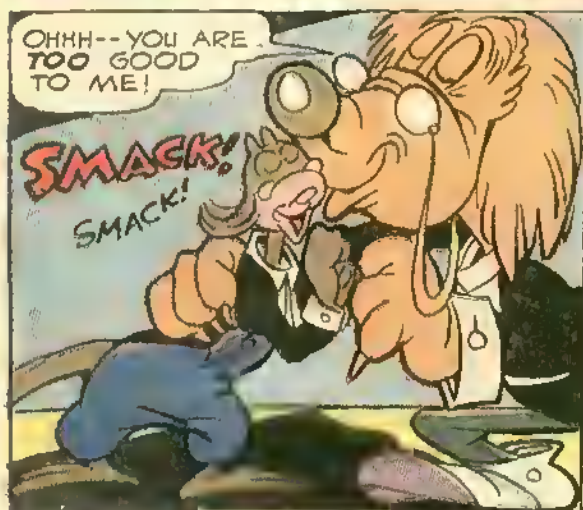
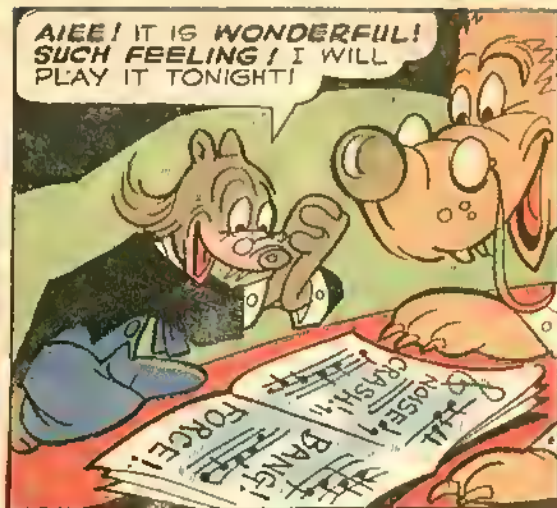
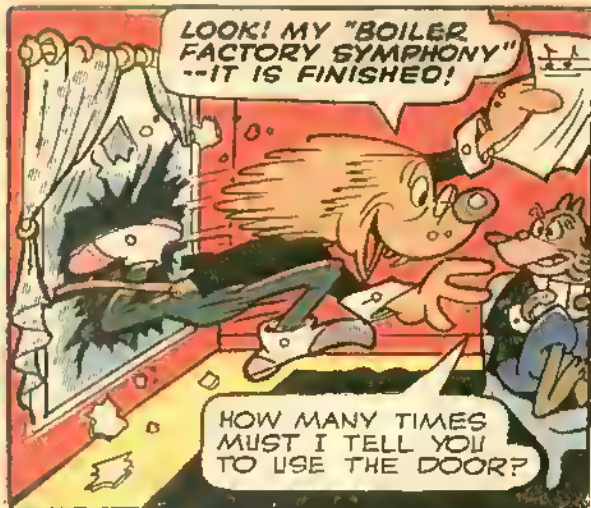


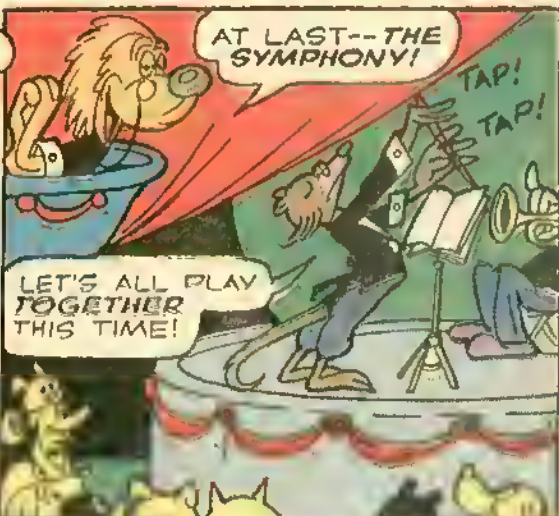
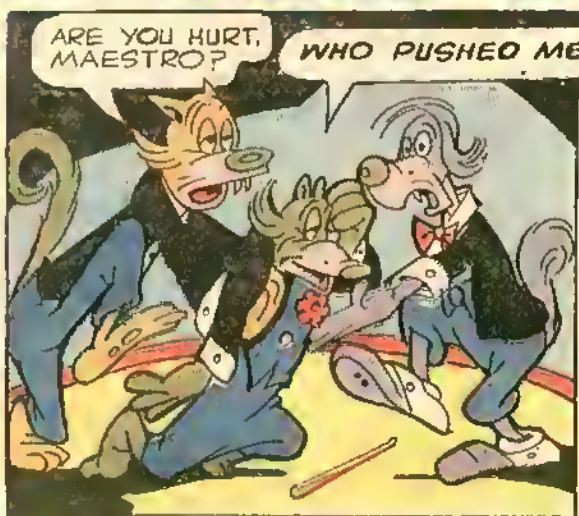
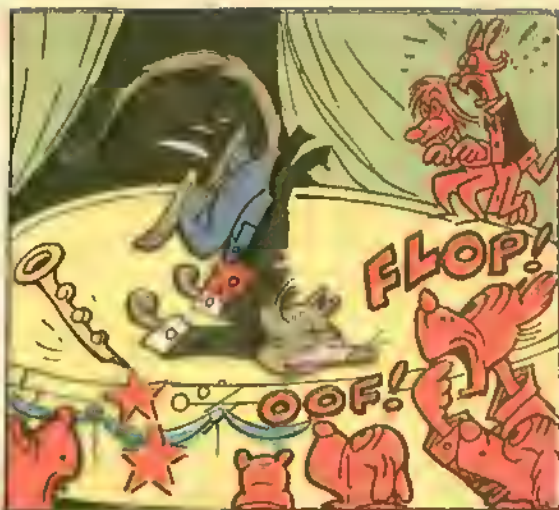
GARSH, I'LL NEVER GET IT OUT THIS
WAY! MR CROW MIGHT GET MAD IF
I FAIL AGAIN - I BETTER THINK OF A
FASTER WAY!

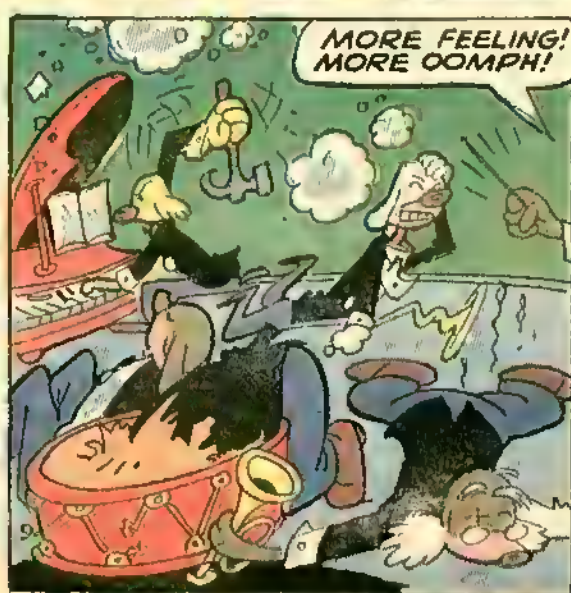
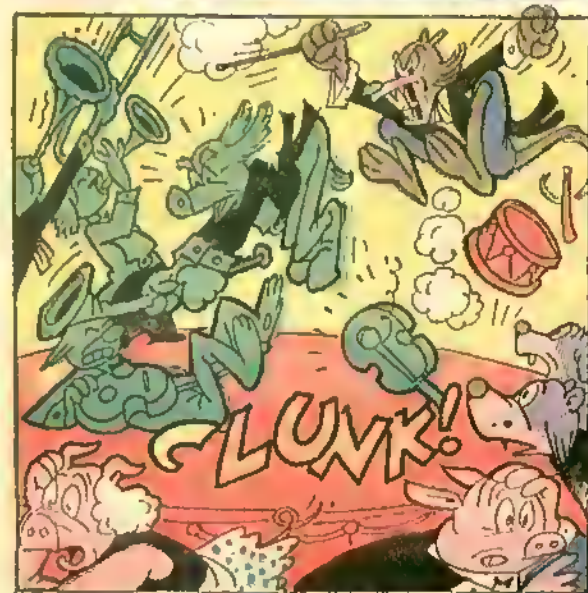
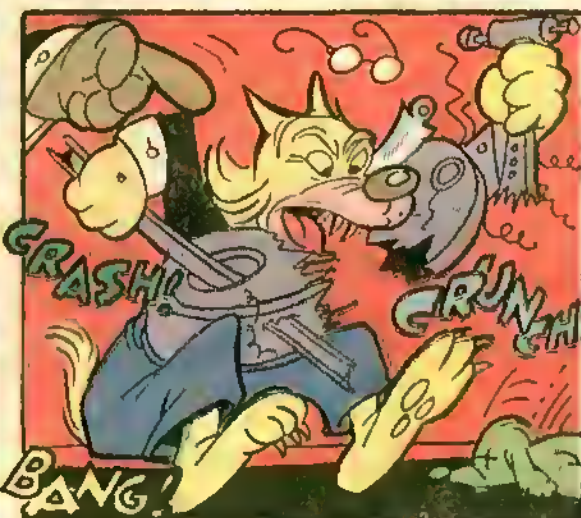
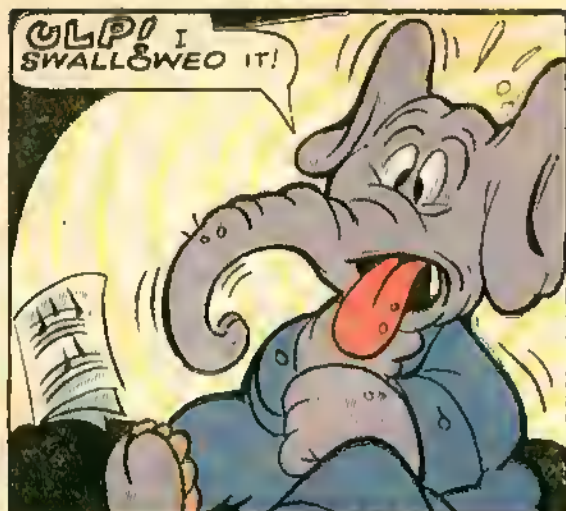
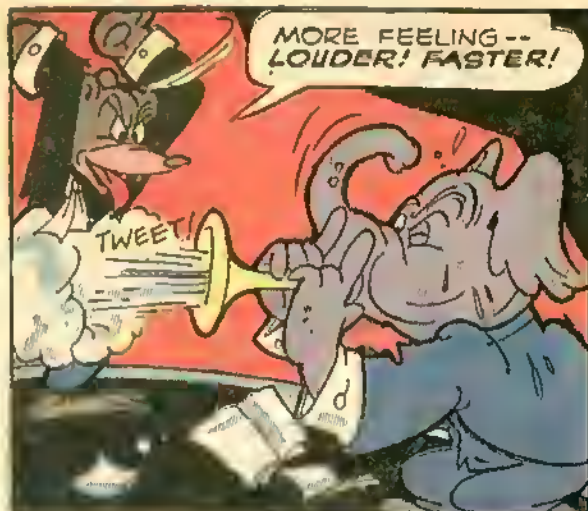


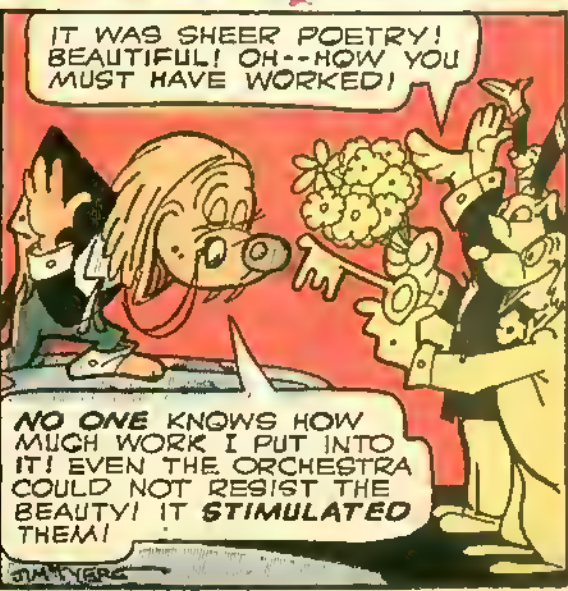
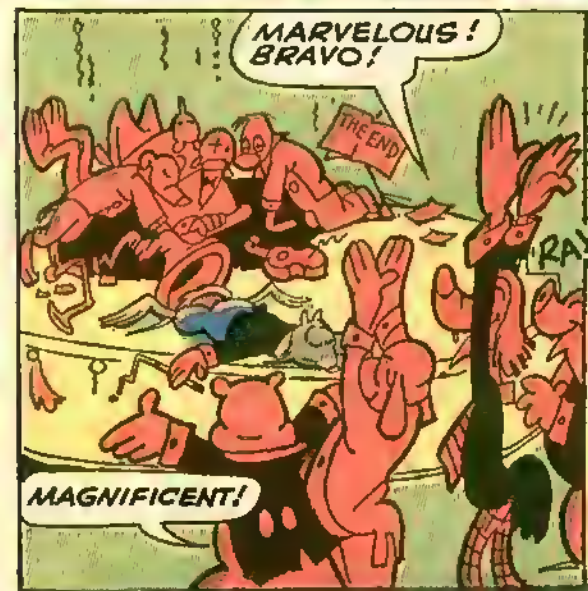
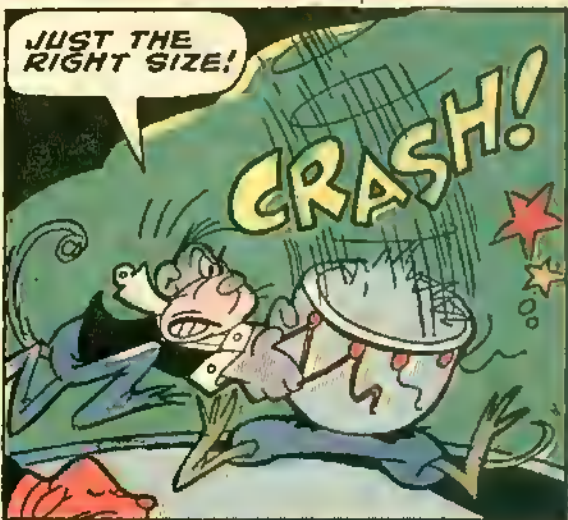
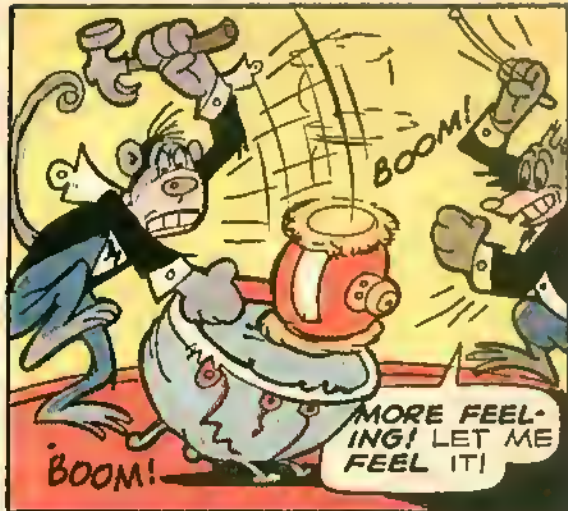




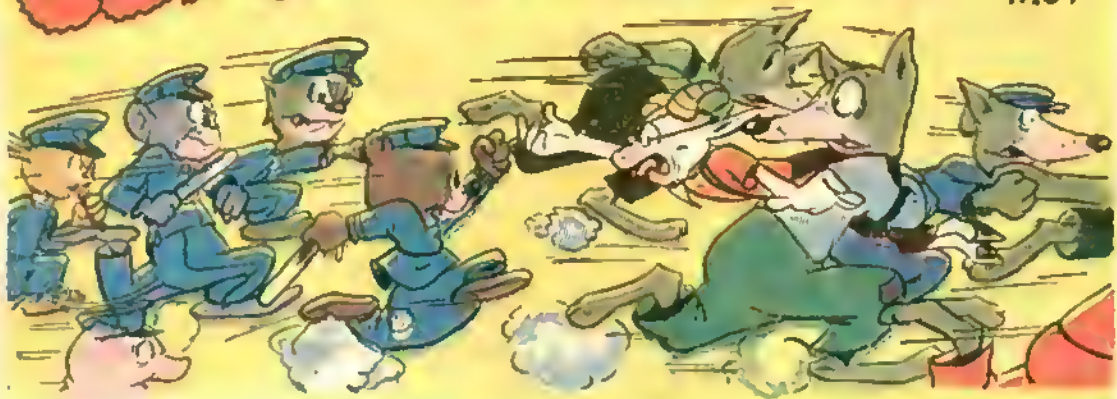








COPS and ROBBERS by WHITLOW MOT



"SURROUND them, men!" shouted little Cal Cub. The badges on their chests gleaming bravely in the sunlight, the officers spread out swiftly, in a surrounding movement.

"Charge!" shouted Cal, and the police raced forward, converging on the robbers. The battle was furious but brief and, as usual, the cops won the game.

"That's all for today!" "Chief!" Cal called to the other animal kids. "We're really getting good at this. Maybe when we're grown up, we'll all become policemen! . . . We'll have another game of cops and robbers tomorrow!"

"I'm sorry, kids, but you won't be able to!" said Constable Pupp, walking up at that moment. Behind him limped a sour-looking old billy goat, leaning on a heavy cane. "As you know, this land you're playing on belongs to Mr. George Goat here, and he's complained that your game makes too much noise. So—you'll have to play somewhere else."

"And see that you stay off my property!" snapped Mr. Goat, raising his cane threateningly.

"Aw, gee," complained Cal, as the kids straggled off, "this was the only good playing field in town! We'll have to go outside the town to find someplace to play on from now on."

And so, the next day, they set out to find another good playground. Passing George Goat's property, they looked longingly at the wide, smooth field, but kept going.

Suddenly they heard a shrill cry behind them. Whirling about, Cal saw five burly

wolves running out of George Goat's house. And over the shoulder of one of them was slung the struggling figure of old Mr. Goat himself!

"It's a kidnaping!" Cal shouted. "Come on, gang!"

With an enthusiastic yell, the other little animals set out behind Cal. The kidnapers were now dragging Mr. Goat out through the gate, where an automobile was waiting for them.

"Surround them, men!" shouted Cal, just as he always did when they were playing games. The other youngsters spread out obediently.

"Now—charge!" Cal yelled, and the five wolves went down under a swarm of athletic youngsters.

What a whirlwind struggle there was! And when it was over, the five kidnapers lay panting and battered on the ground, as the youngsters busily procured rope and tied them up securely.

Old Mr. Goat tottered to his feet shakily. "They—they were going to hold me for ransom!" he gasped. "You boys—were marvelous!" He took a deep breath and steadied himself.

"From now on," he added, "you youngsters can play on my property any time you want to, noise or no noise. I thought you were just a bunch of silly young scamps—now I see you were really training yourselves to become useful adults! The field is yours anytime you want it!"

With a delighted whoop, the kids scampered onto the field once more, as Sheriff Bear and Constable Pupp came along to jail the five kidnapers.

the DUKE and the DOPE

by KEN HULTGREN

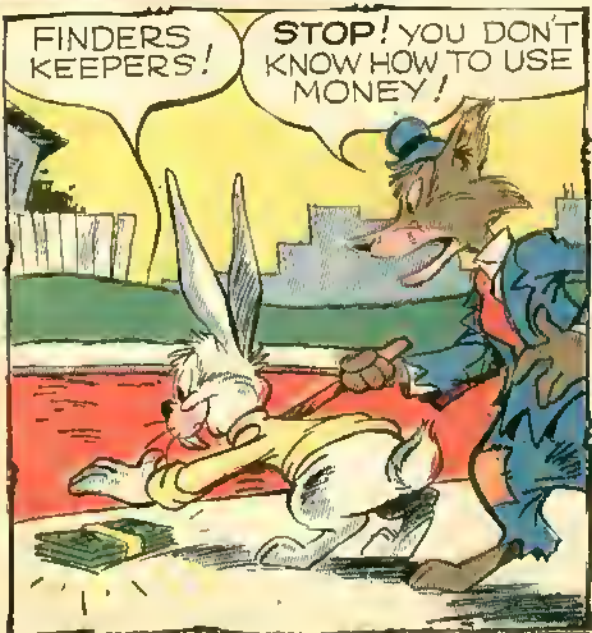
LUORE!

LOOK, DUKE!
MONEY!



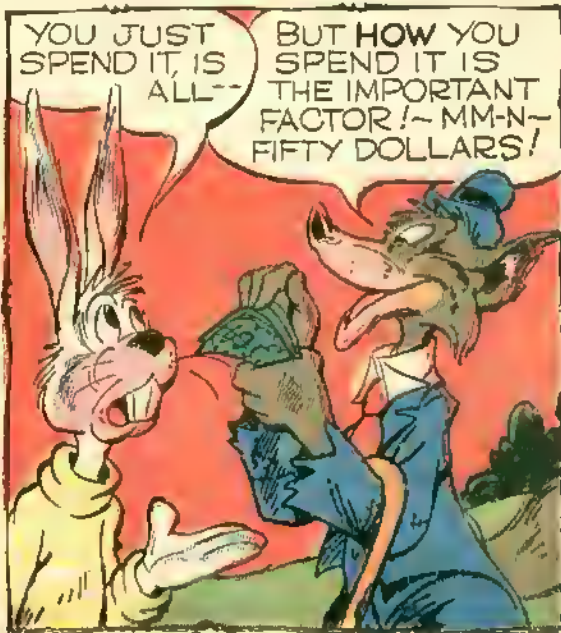
FINDERS
KEEPERS!

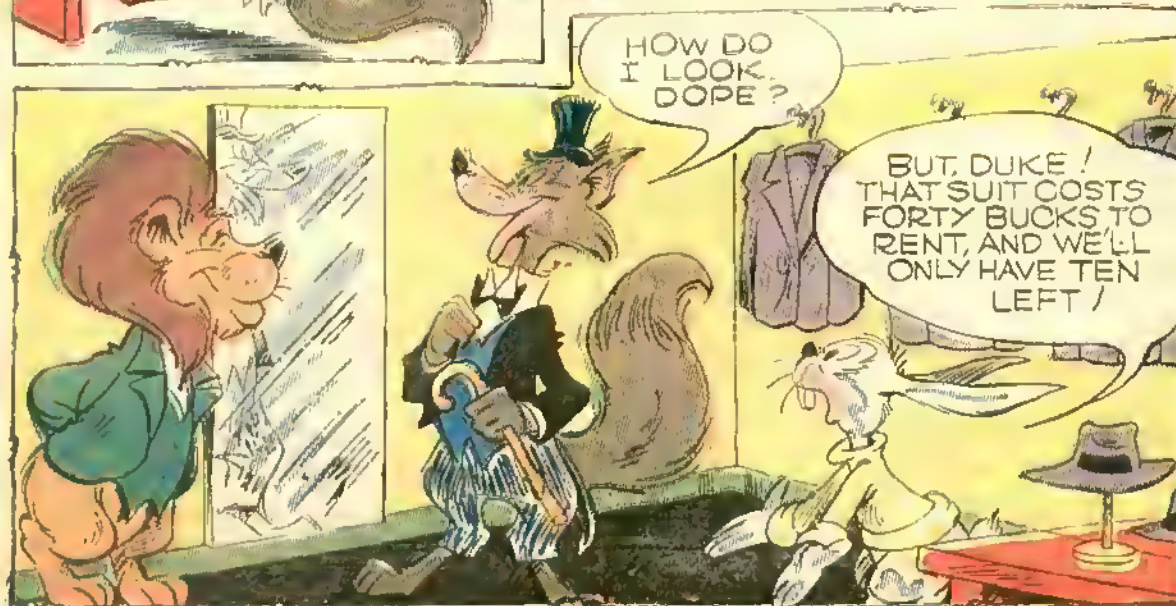
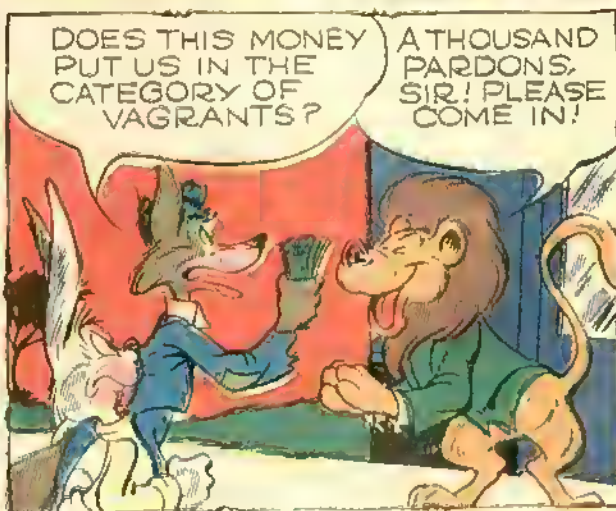
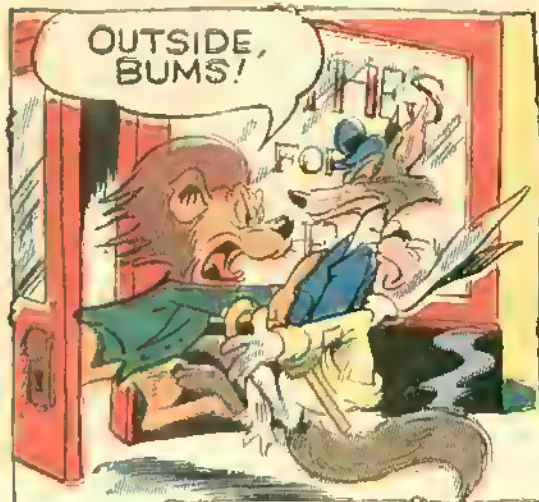
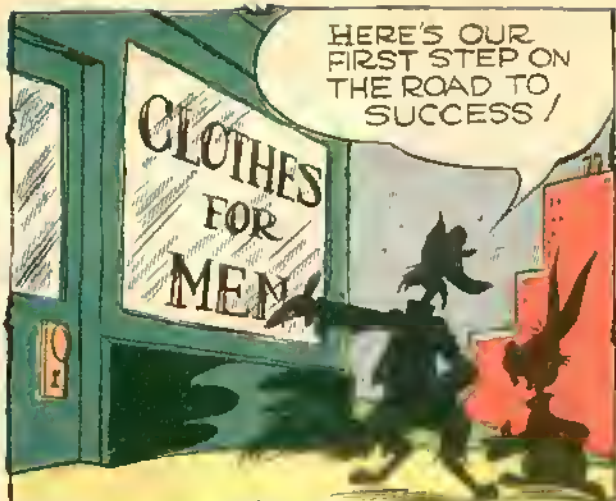
STOP! YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW TO USE
MONEY!

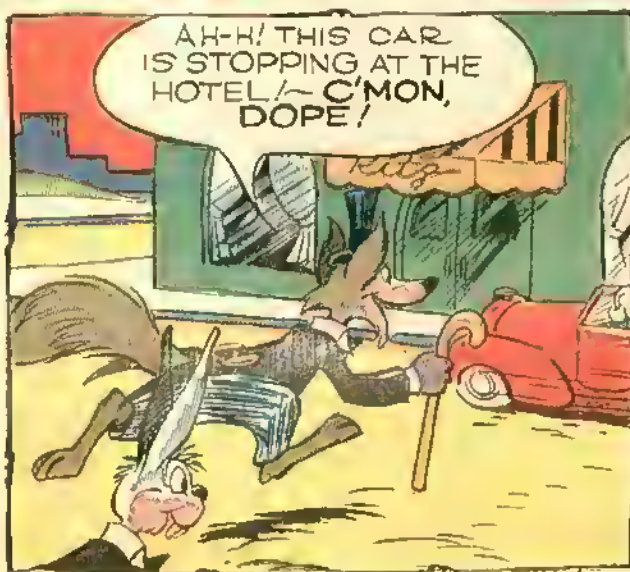
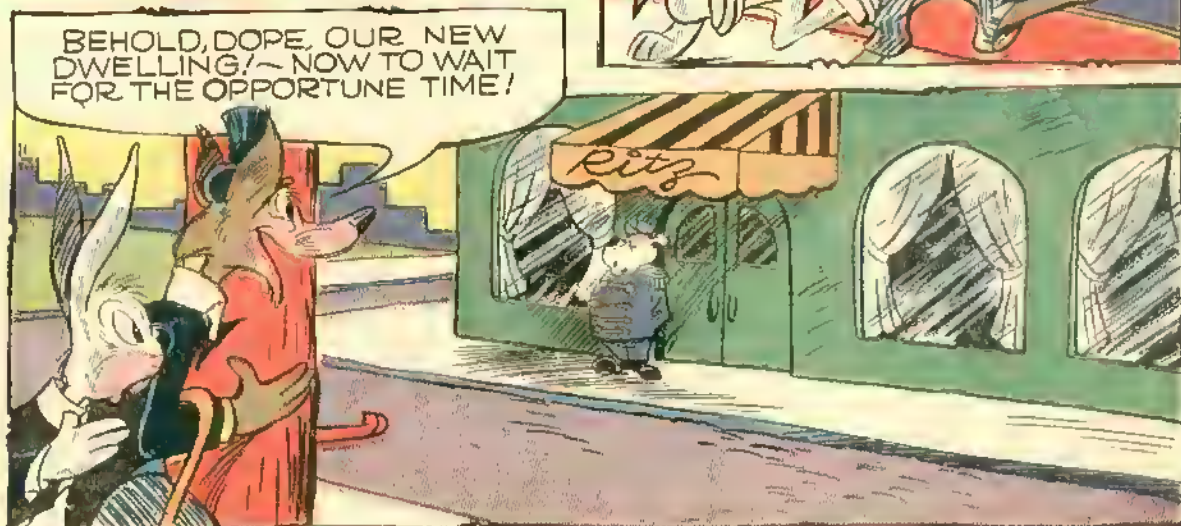
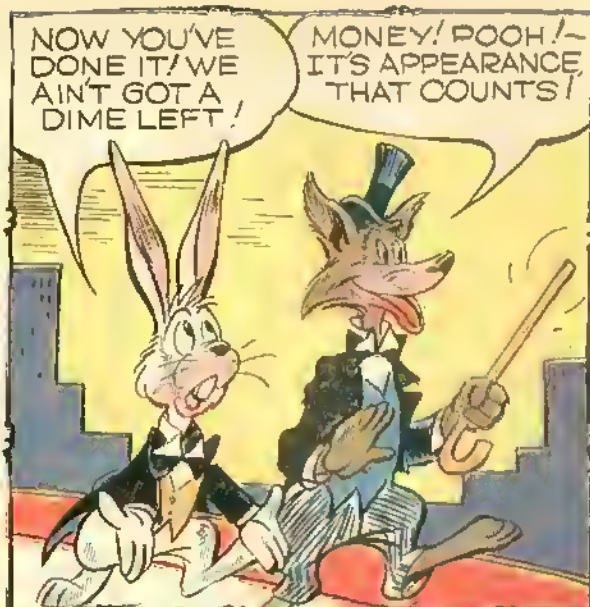


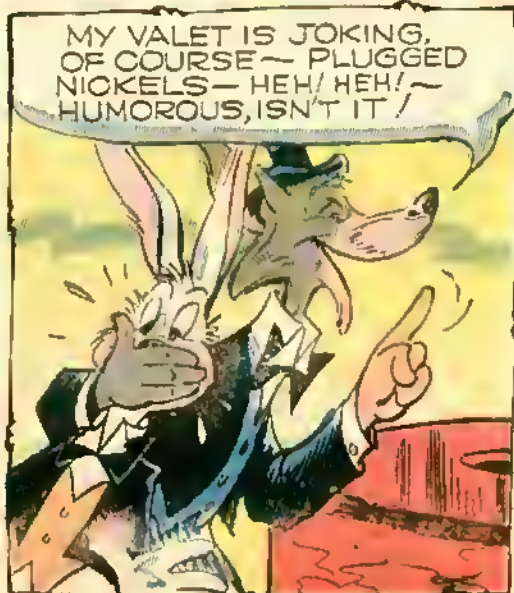
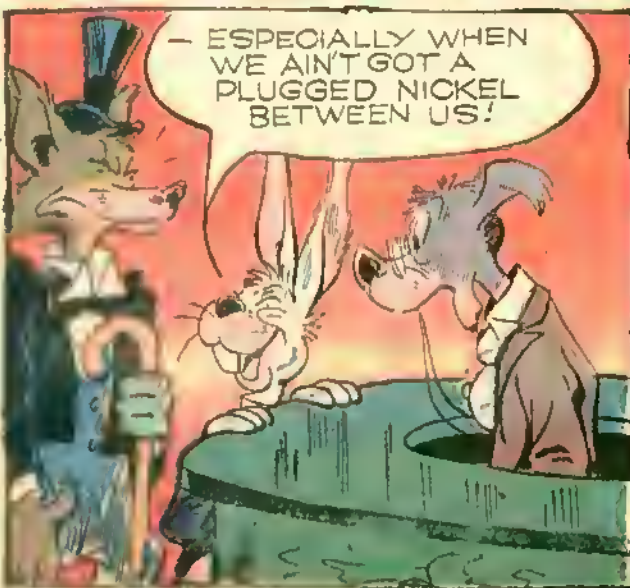
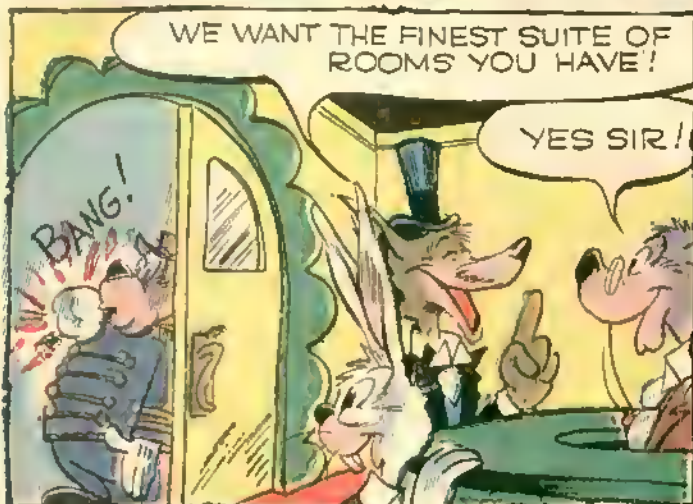
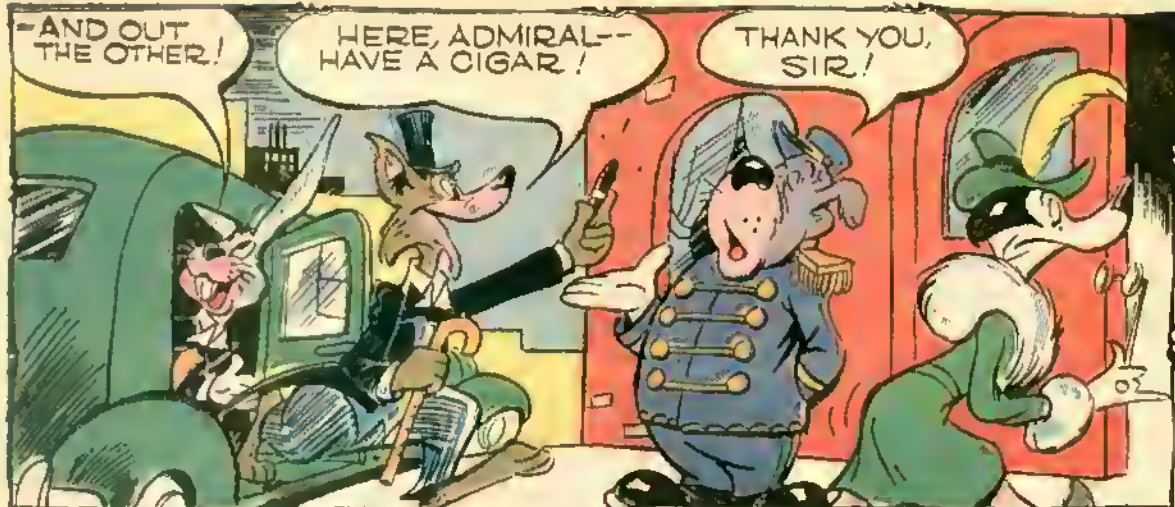
YOU JUST
SPEND IT, IS
ALL--

BUT HOW YOU
SPEND IT IS
THE IMPORTANT
FACTOR! ~ MM-N-
FIFTY DOLLARS!









THAT WAS A FINE THING
TO SAY~ HEREAFTER,
LET **ME** DO THE
TALKING!

IF WE
EVER GET
CAUGHT,
WE'LL HAVE
TO WASH
DISHES HERE
FOR A MONTH!



DISHES! DISHES!
EVERY TIME WE START
ON A VENTURE YOU ALWAYS
THINK WE'LL END UP
DOING
DISHES!

WELL,
DON'T WE?



AHH~ SUCH ELEGANCE!
SUCH FURNISHINGS!

BUT WE CAN'T
EAT IT AND I'M
HUNGRY!

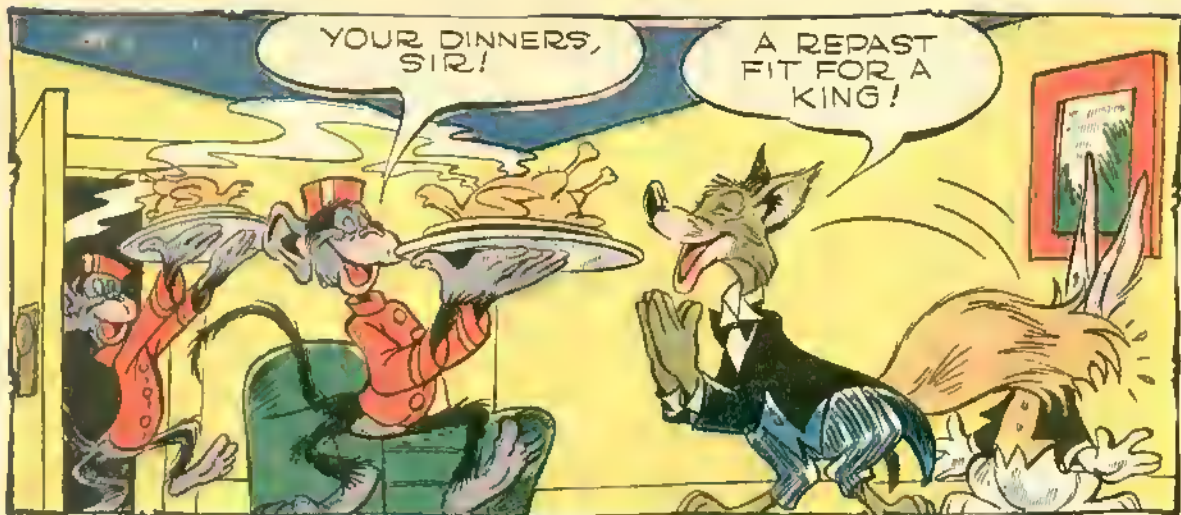


ENOUGH SAID ~ SEND
UP TWO DINNERS, THE
BEST IN THE HOUSE!

BUT HOW
CAN WE
PAY FOR IT?

WE DON'T PAY,
STUPID. ~ WE
SIMPLY CHARGE IT!





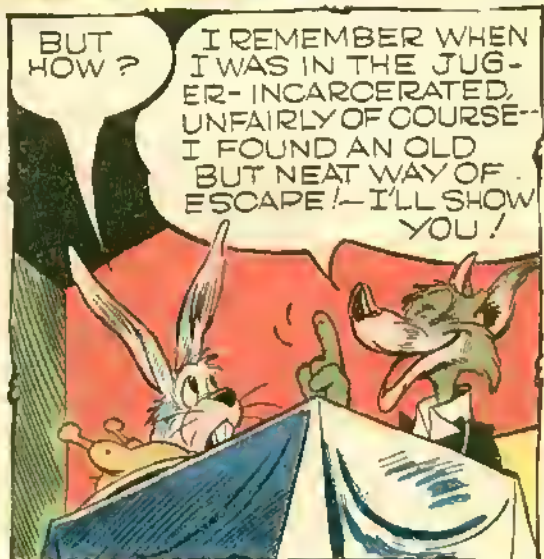
YOUR DINNERS,
SIR!

A REPAST
FIT FOR A
KING!



IT'S AWFULLY
GOOD, BUT IF WE
GET CAUGHT WE'LL
END UP DOING
DISHES!

STOP SAYING
THAT!—
WHEN THE
TIME COMES,
I'LL GET US
OUT!

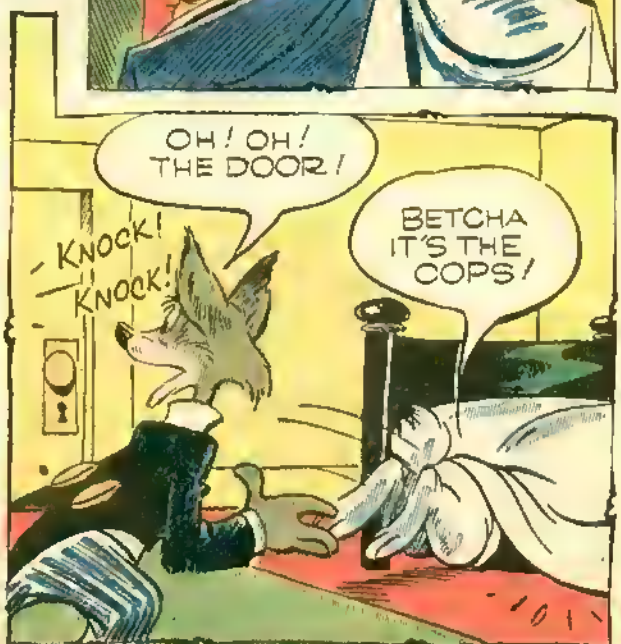


BUT
HOW?

I REMEMBER WHEN
I WAS IN THE JUG-
ER- INCARCERATED,
UNFAIRLY OF COURSE—
I FOUND AN OLD
BUT NEAT WAY OF
ESCAPE!—I'LL SHOW
YOU!



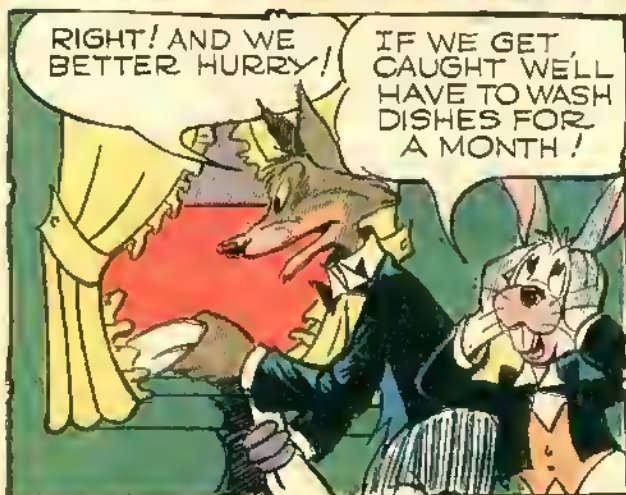
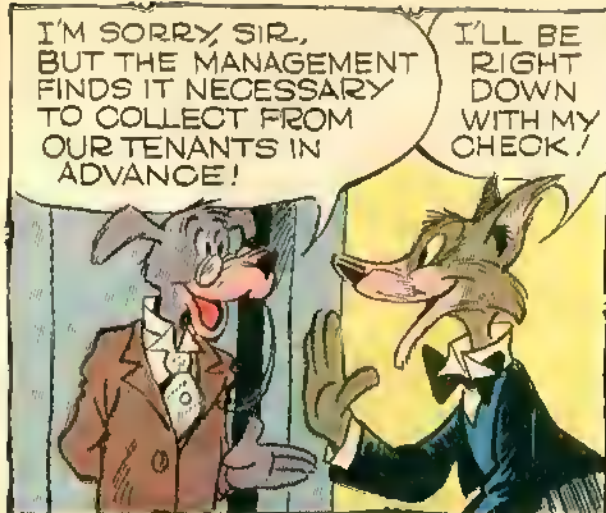
WE TIE BED SHEETS
TOGETHER AND GO
THROUGH THE WINDOW!

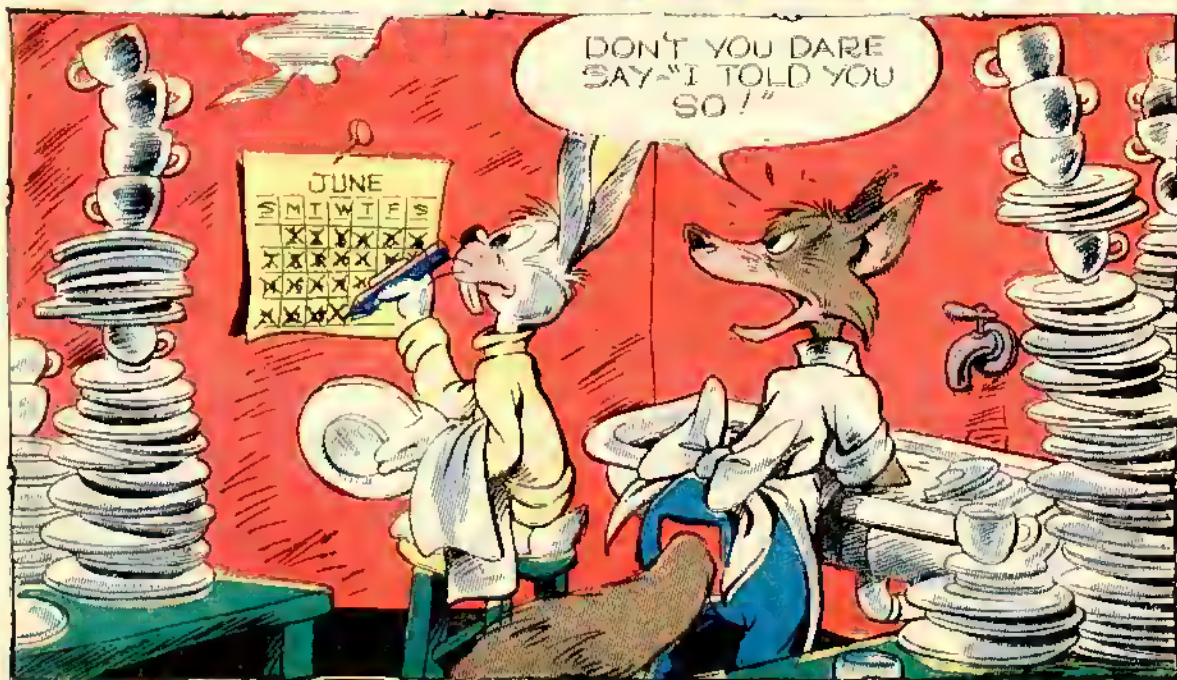
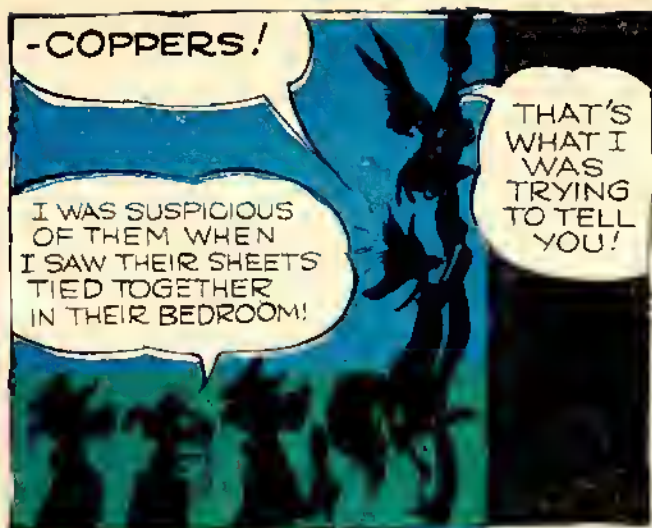


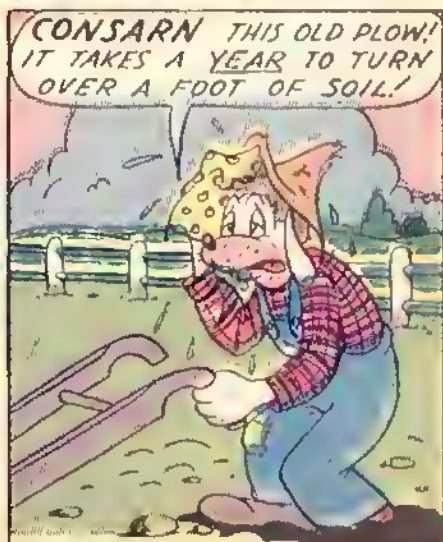
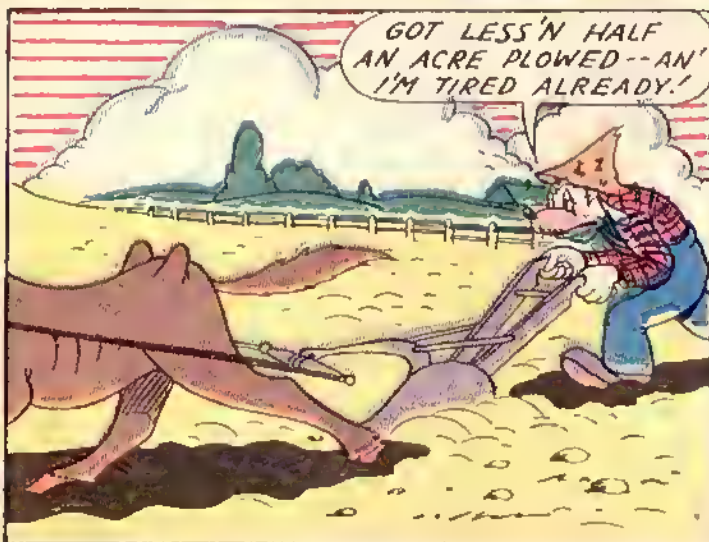
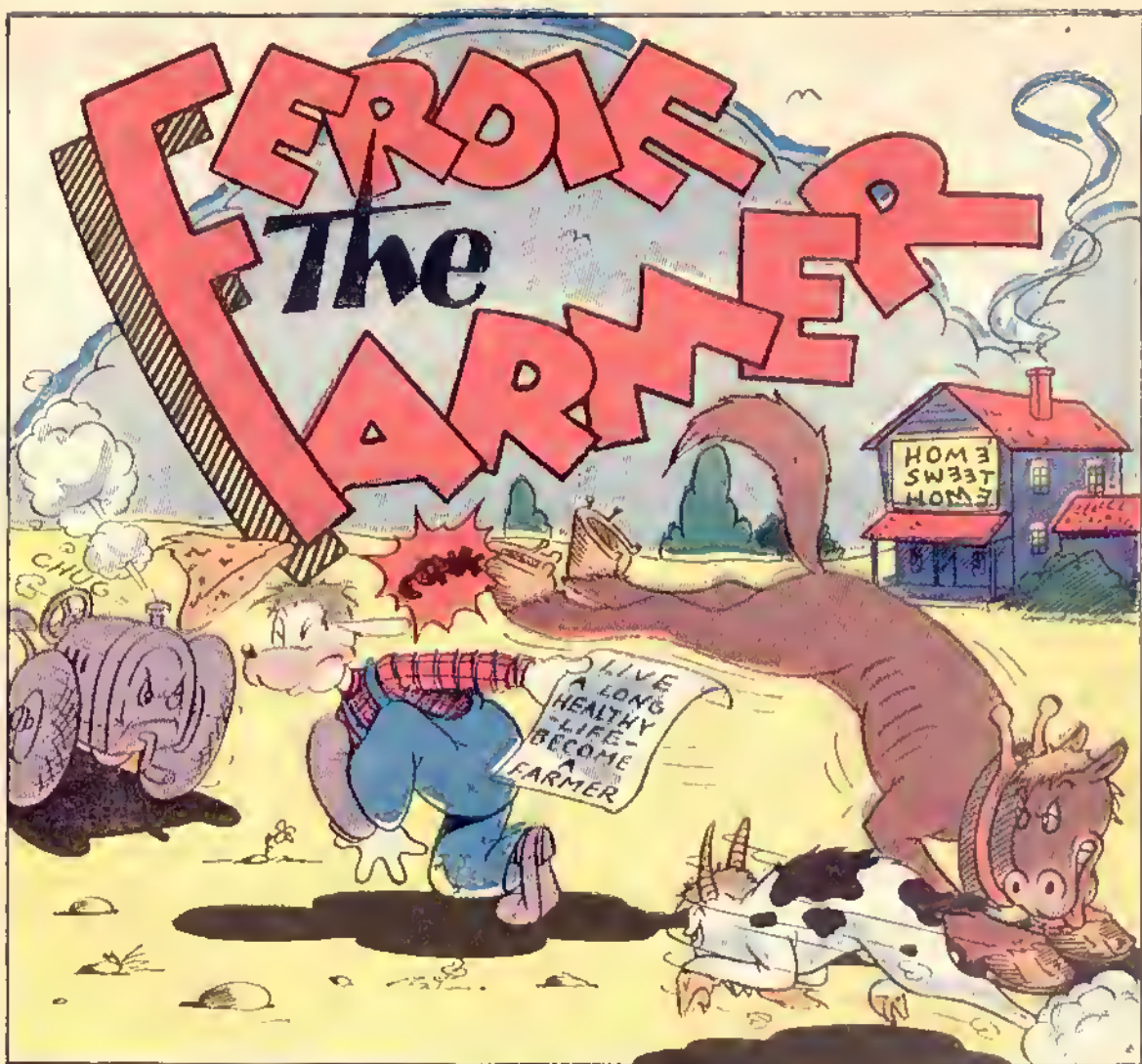
OH! OH!
THE DOOR!

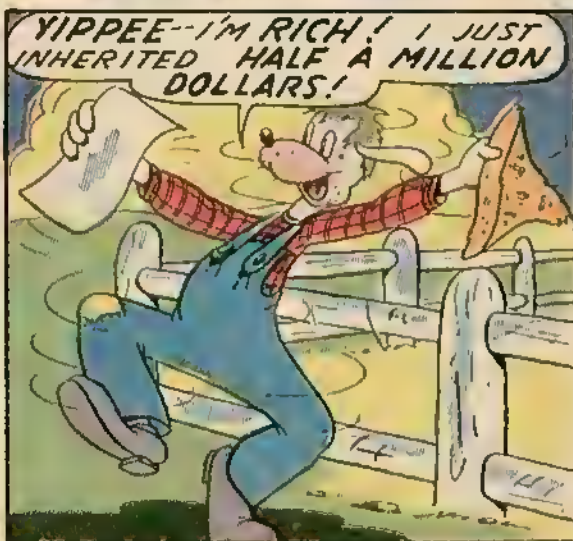
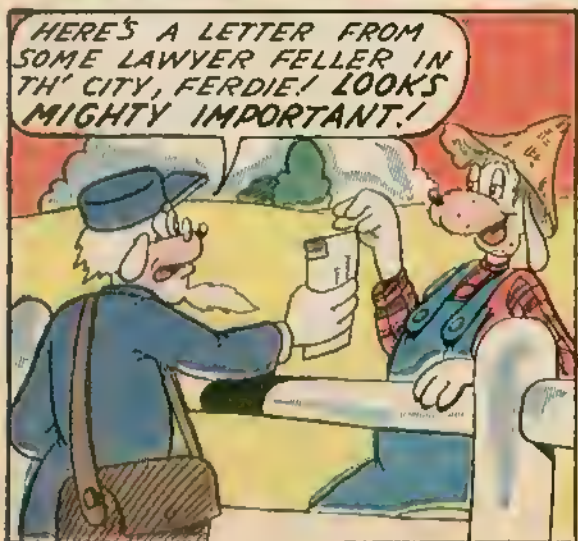
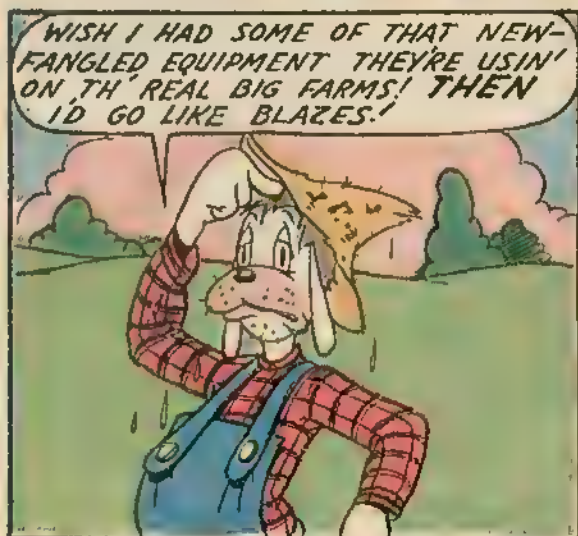
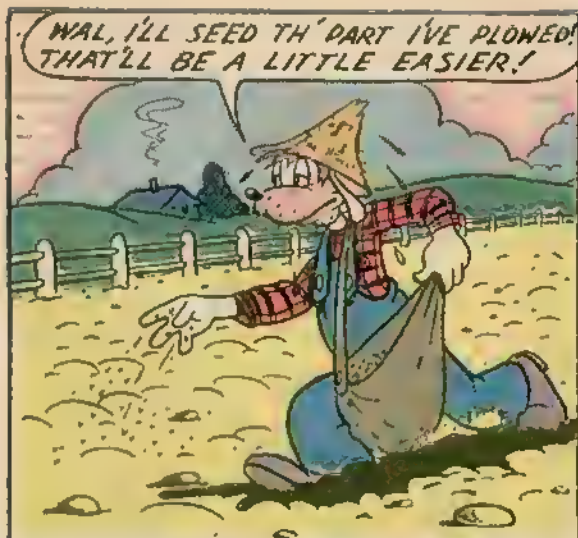
- KNOCK!
KNOCK!

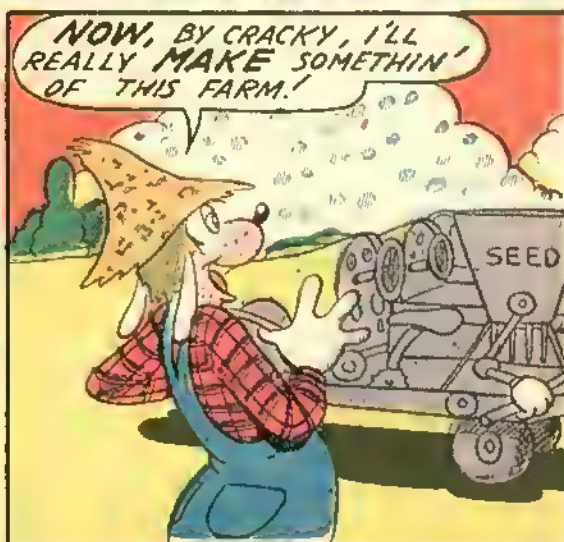
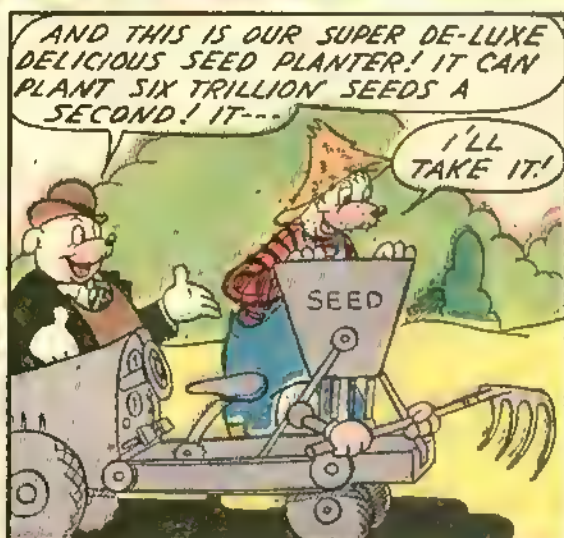
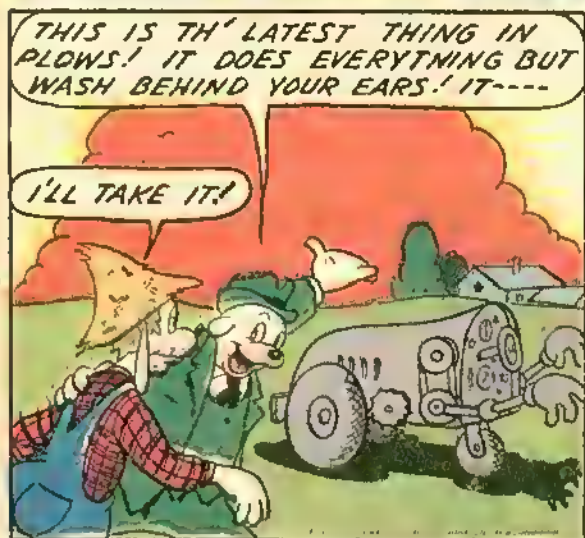
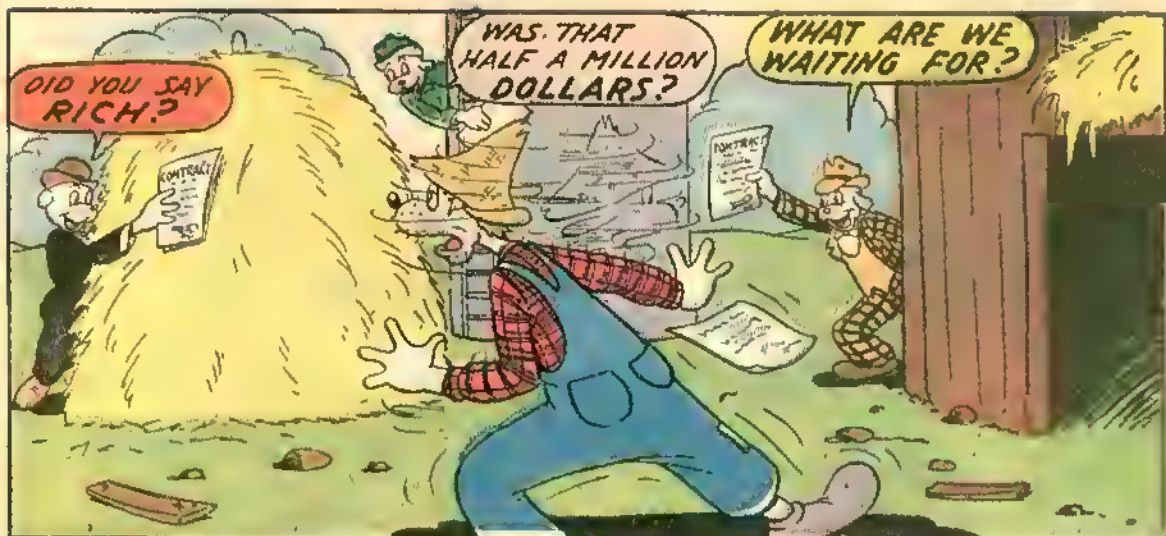
BETCHA
IT'S THE
COPS!

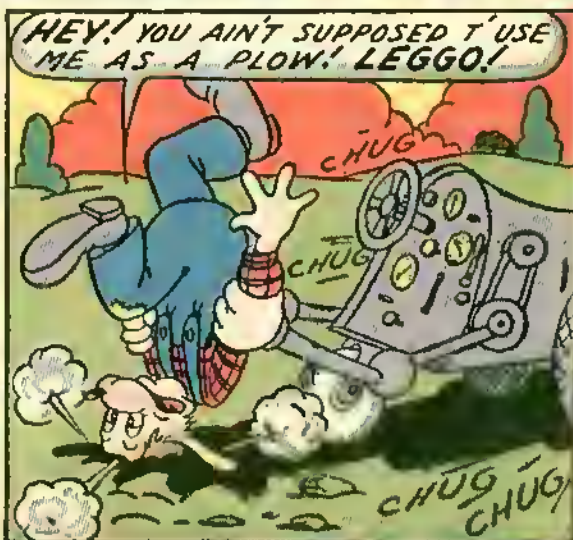
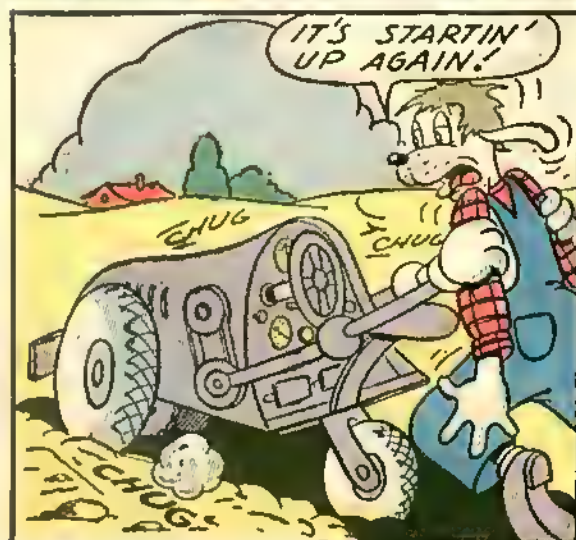
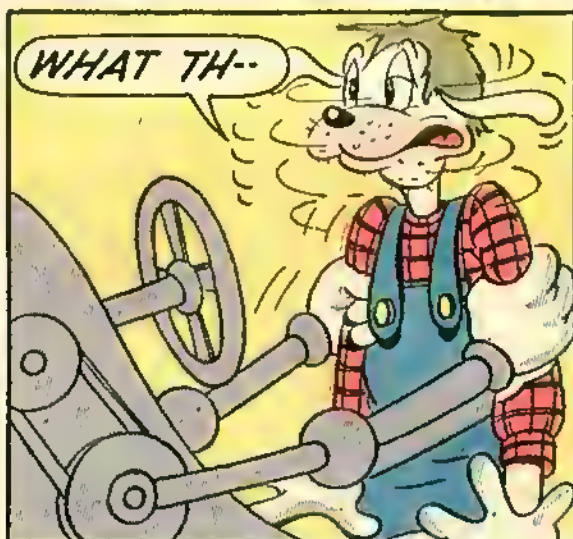
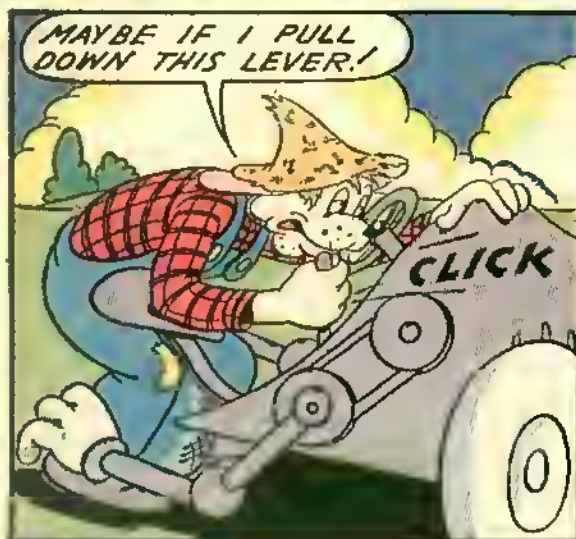
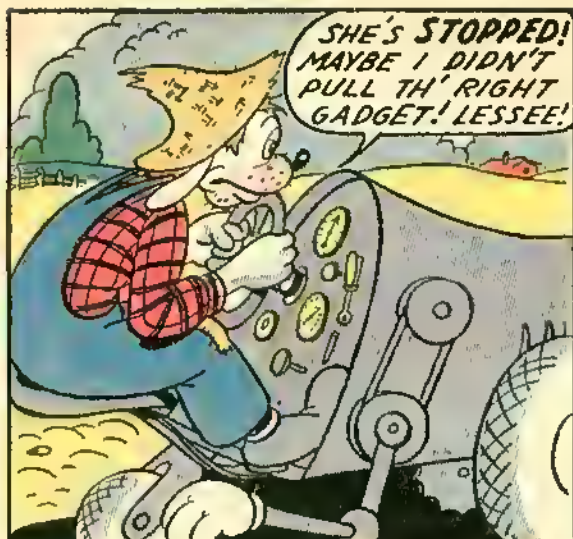
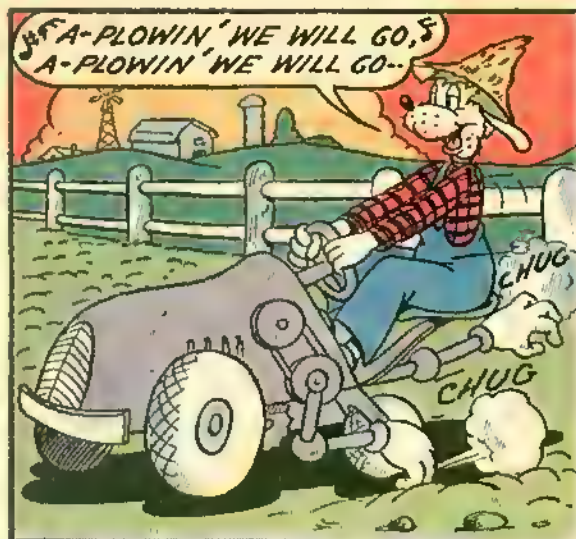


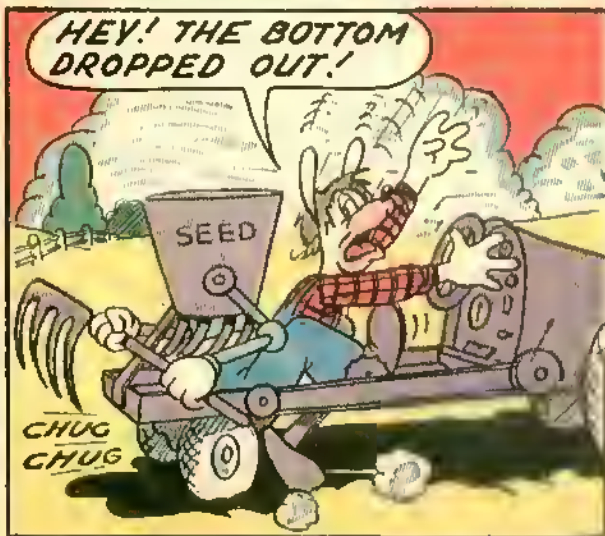
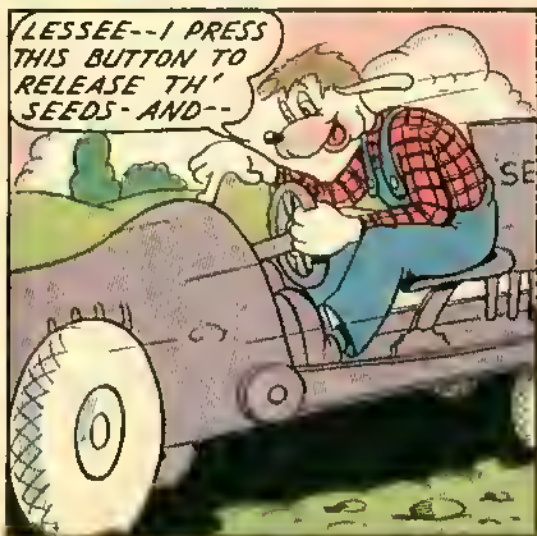
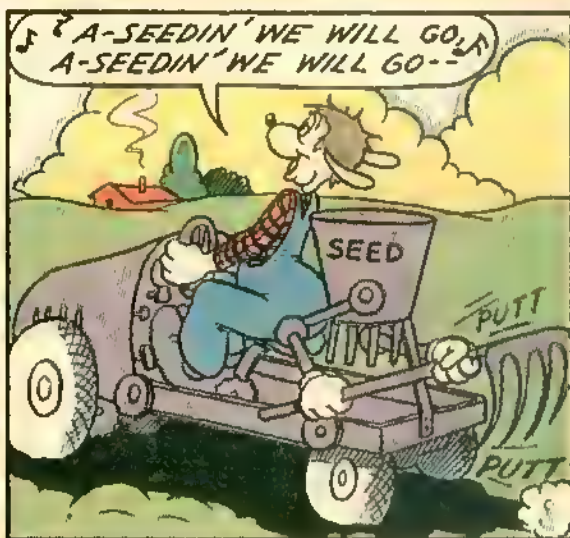
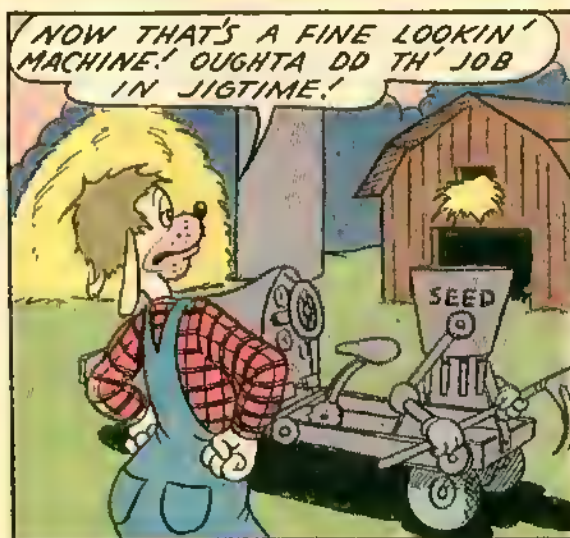
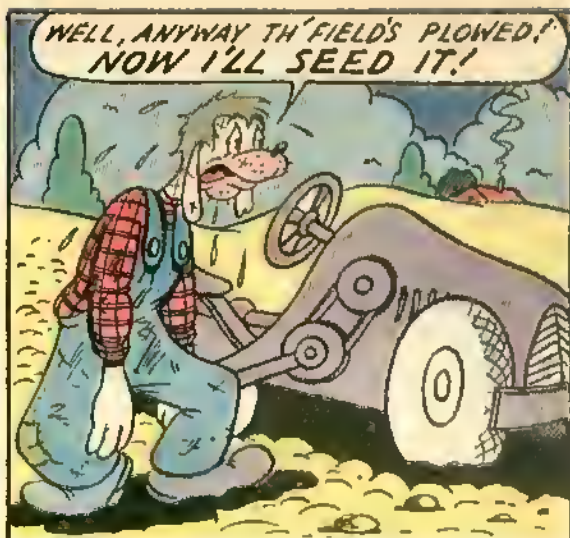
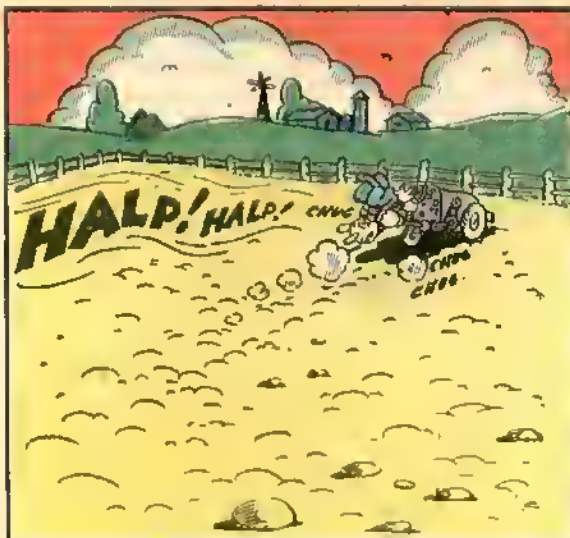


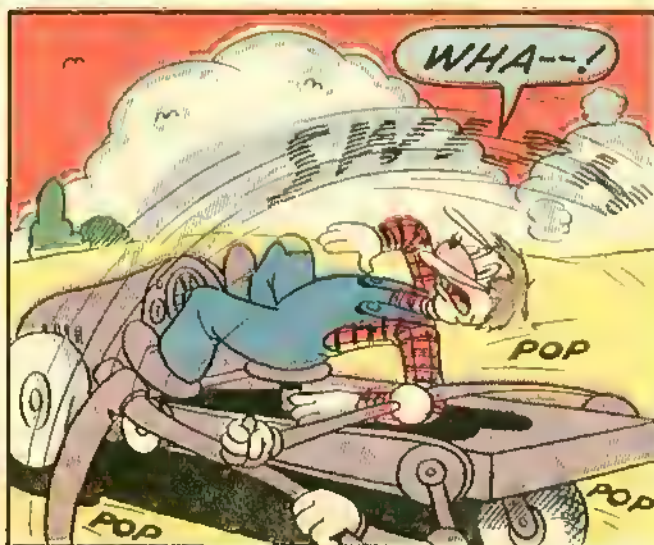
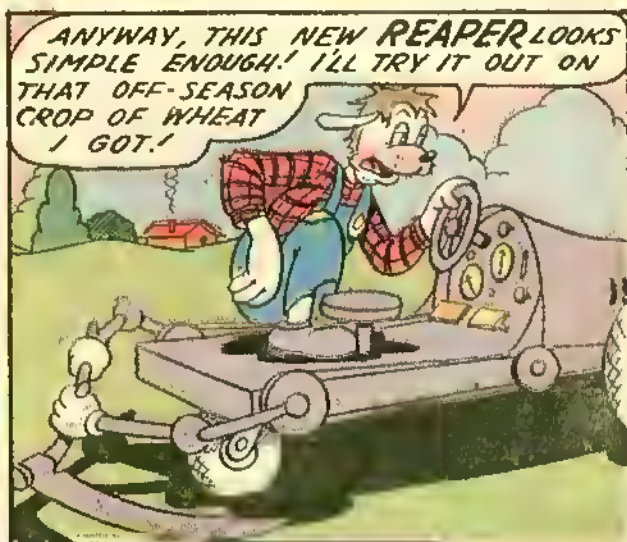
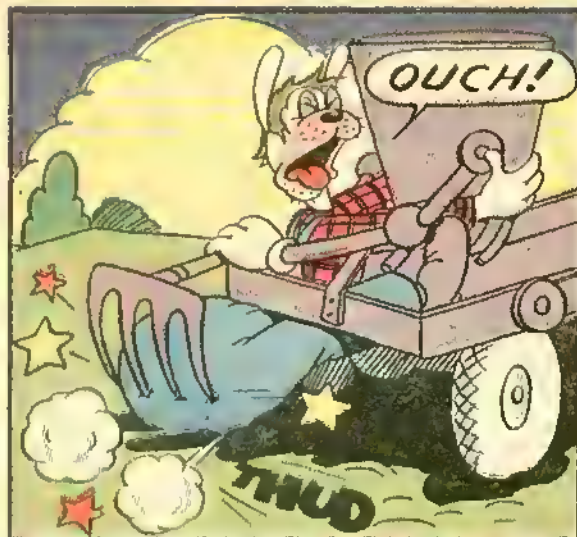


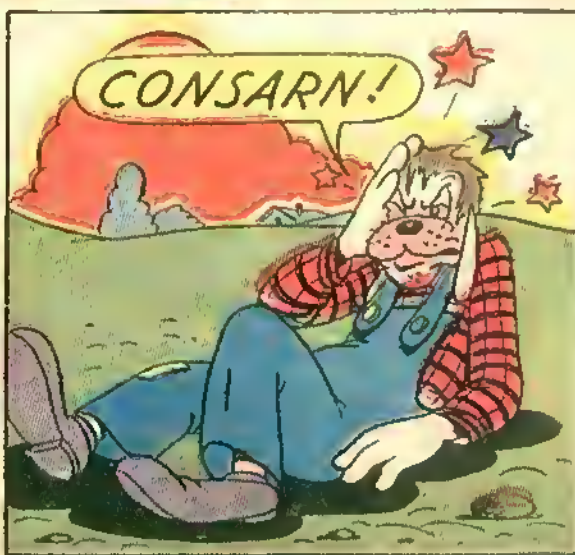
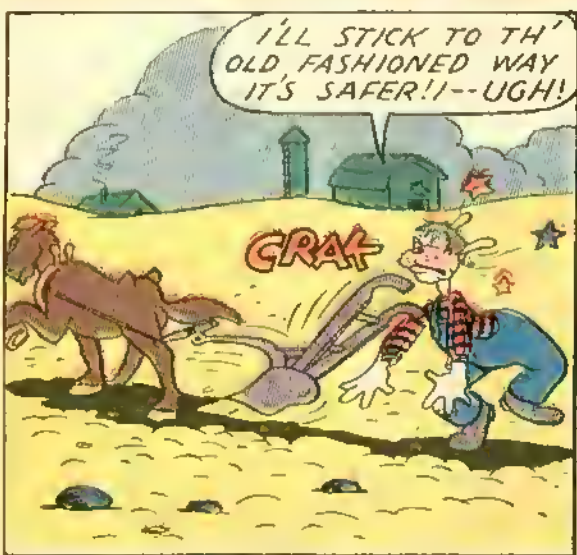
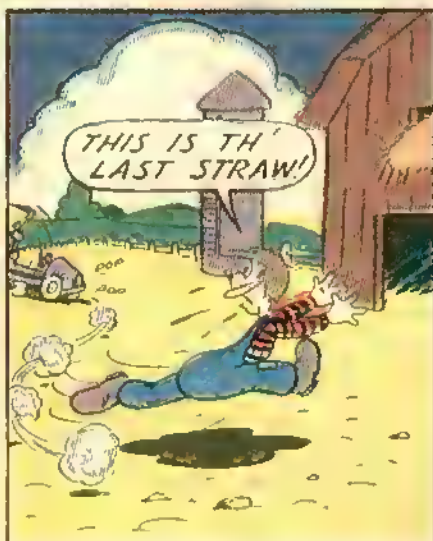
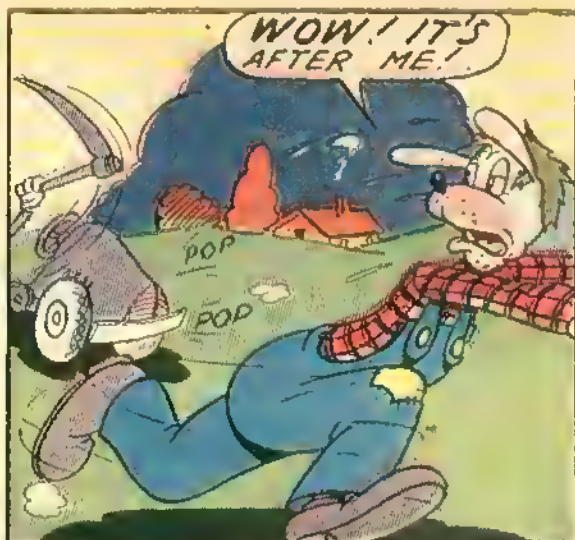
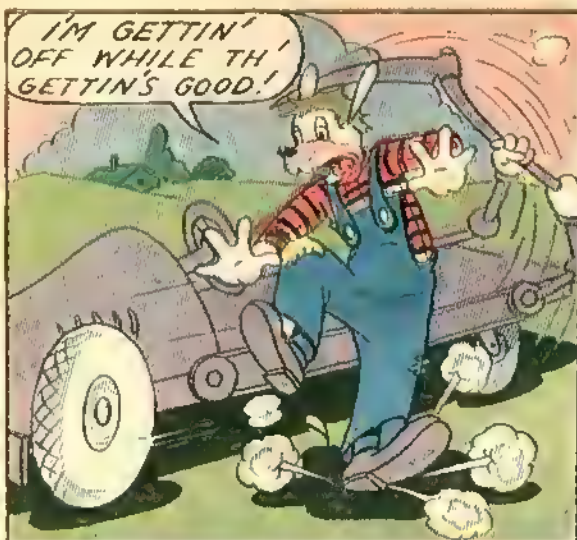






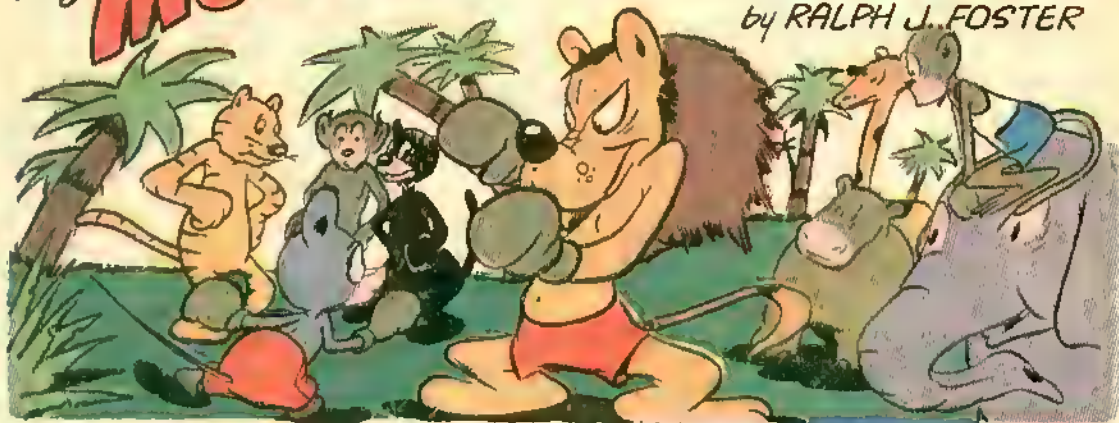






The **MOUSE** *who would be* **KING**

by RALPH J. FOSTER



ONCE, when the world was young, there was still some doubt about who should be king of beasts. The Lion had pretty well established himself as ruler, but there were others who coveted the crown—among them, the Mouse!

"I think the Lion is getting too much power!" the Mouse suggested at a meeting one day. "Why don't we have a contest for twenty-four hours? Anyone who wishes may challenge anyone else, and the one who turns out to be the best fighter will *deserve* to be king!"

The idea met with enthusiastic response, and immediately a dozen animals rushed to challenge the Lion. The Leopard got there first—and he was the first to get a sound whipping. Then the Bull tried, and he, too, was defeated.

But when the Tiger's turn came—he succeeded! It looked as though the Tiger would be king of beasts. But there was no let-up in the challenges, and the fighting waxed hot and furious.

In the end, the competition resolved itself into a terrific battle between the Rhinoceros and the Elephant. The Rhinoceros lunged forward with his cruel horn, seeking to rip his opponent from below. But the Elephant was quicker than he looked to be, rearing up like an oversized horse, he

brought his heavy forefeet down with a mighty blow.

Down went the Rhinoceros—and out!

Was the Elephant to be king of beasts? It seemed that way. But this was the moment for which the crafty Mouse had been waiting. With a shrill squeak he dashed out of the hole in which he had been hiding—for safety while the mighty opponents fought their battles—and scurried swiftly toward the great Elephant.

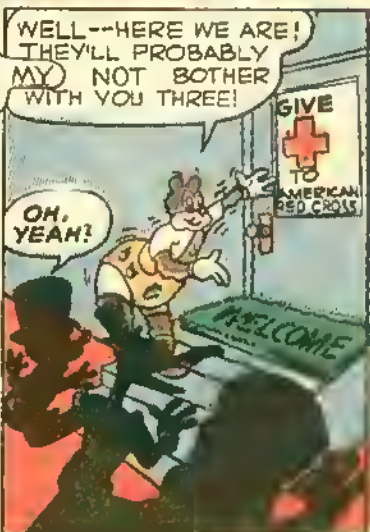
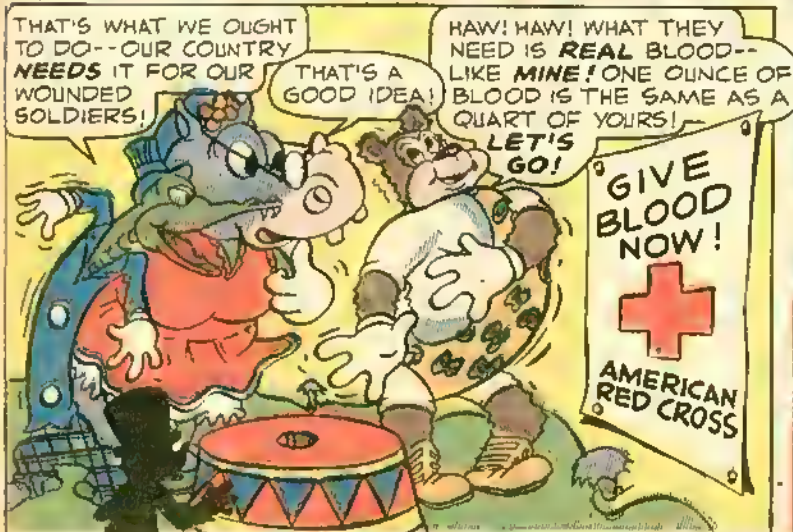
A squeal of utter fright came forth from the huge new king—and with no regard at all for his dignity, he turned and fled! As the shrewd Mouse knew, an elephant is mortally afraid of mice; some say it's because he fears the little creatures may scamper up his trunk!

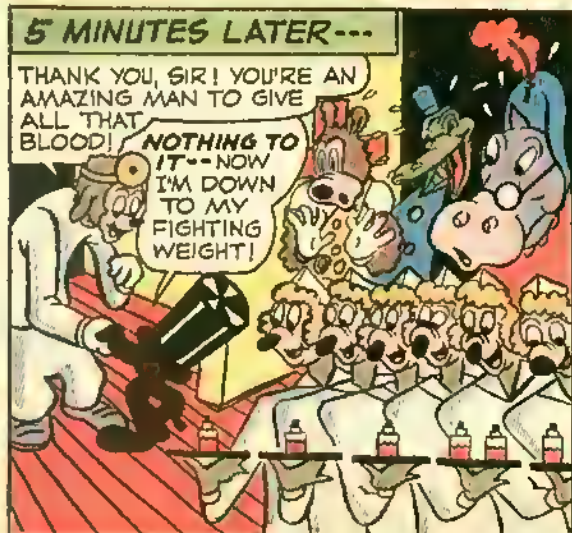
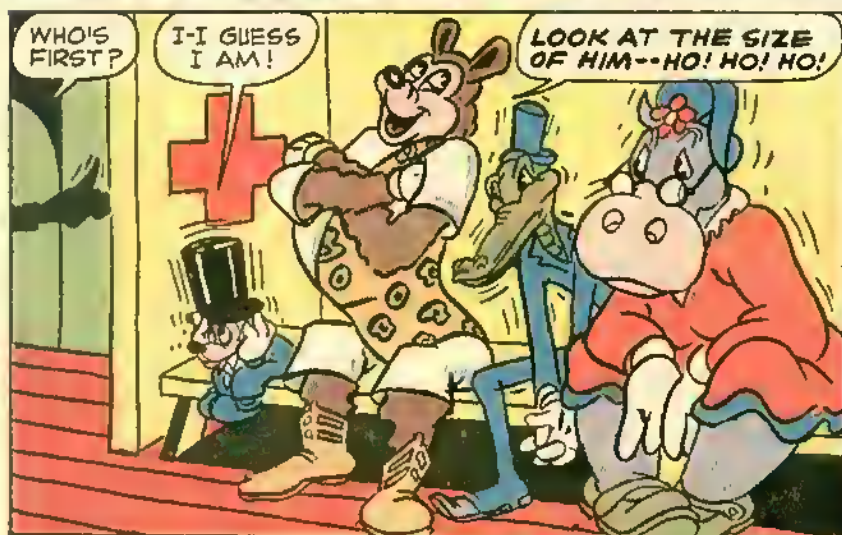
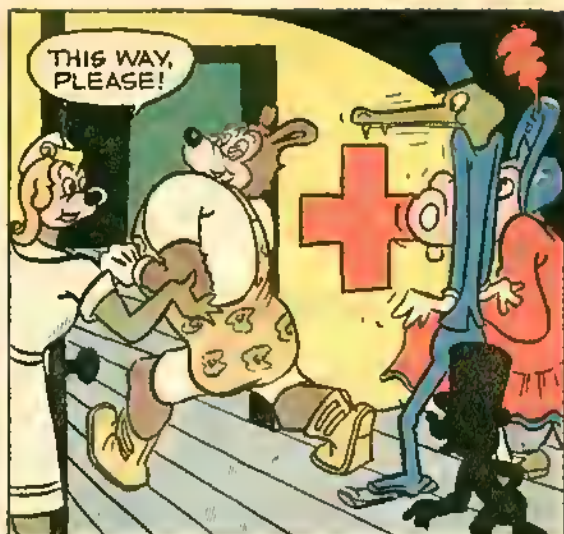
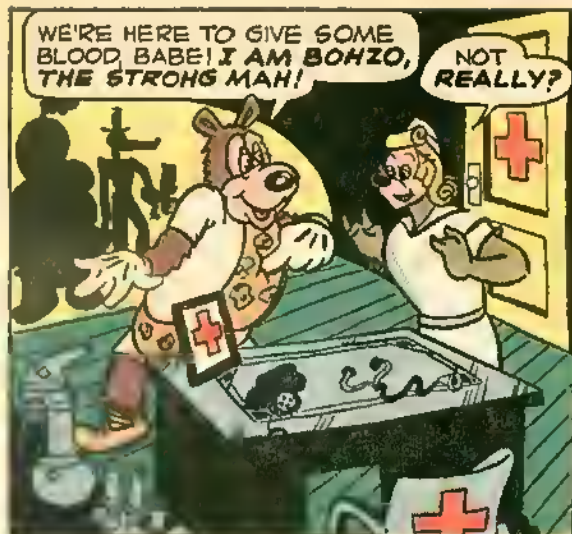
"Well," cried the Mouse, "where's my crown! I'm the new king! Didn't I just defeat the champion fighter of you all?"

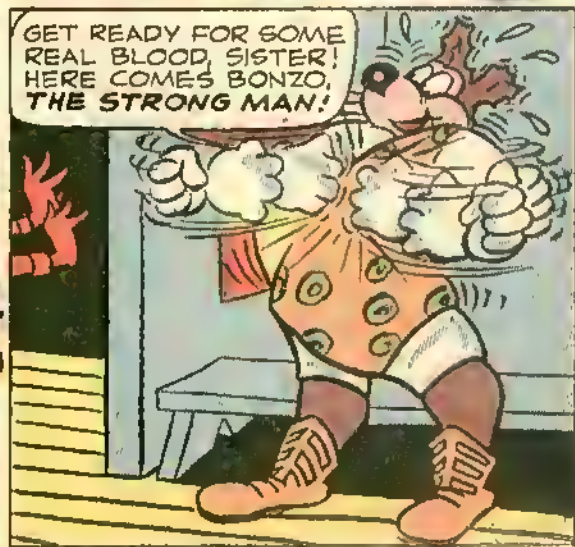
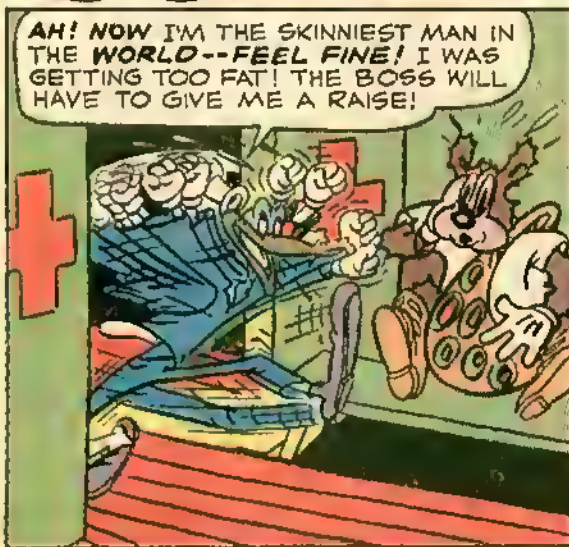
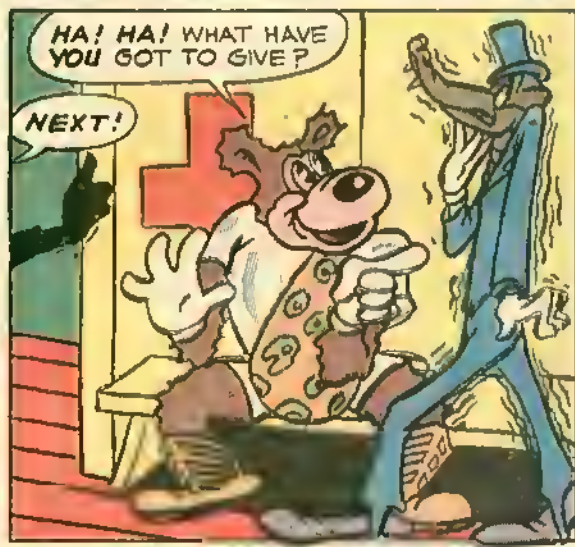
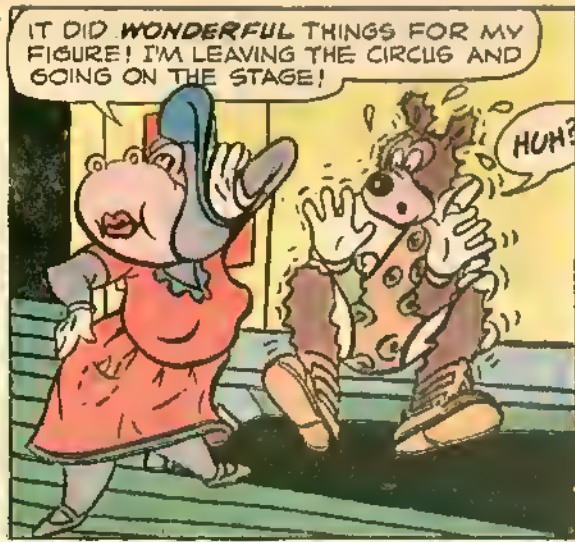
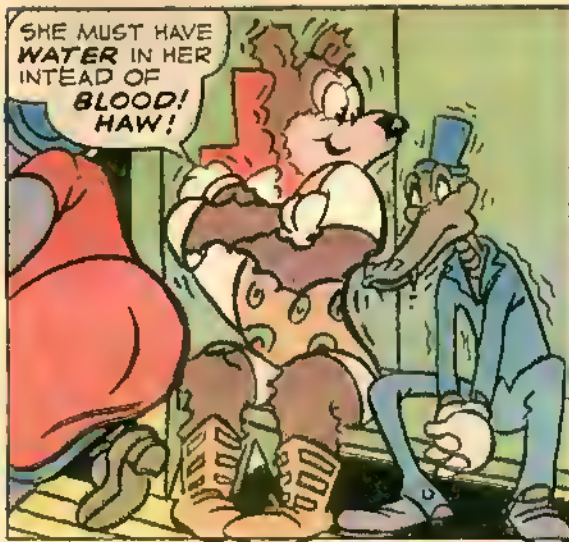
What a disgrace for the animal world! The Mouse was to be king!

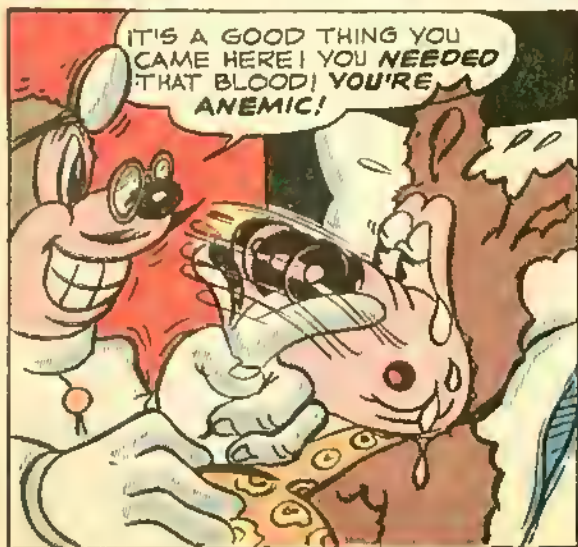
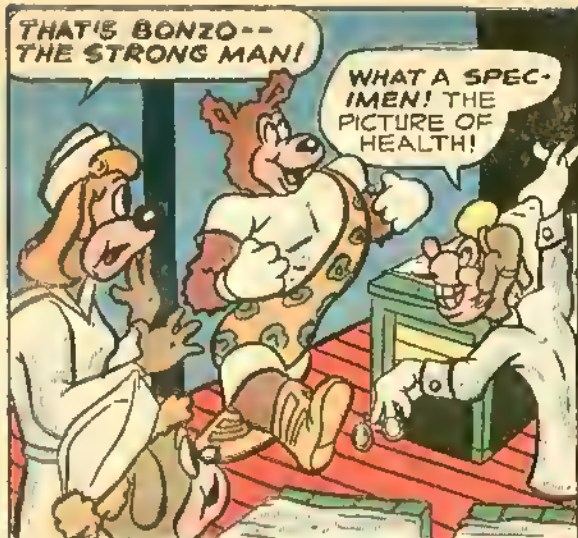
But the Lion saved the day. With a great roar, he shouted, "This contest was supposed to last for twenty-four hours—and the twenty-four hours aren't up yet. If you are the greatest fighter, O Mouse—I challenge you to fight *me*!"

Of course the Mouse knew better than to fight him—and the Lion once more became king. And he deserved it, too, for outsmarting the wily little Mouse!









HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A
PLANE! HOW'D
YOU WANT IT?

CINCH! USED
AN X-ACTO
SET—FOR
SPEED AND
ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—
IN ABOUT A
SECOND! 8
BLADES, TOO
—ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

HIRE THE PAT-
OFF—A BIG, DETAILED
INSTRUCTION BOOK—
FREE!

GEE! I WANT
TO MAKE MANY
MODELS, TOO!
I'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD—
I'LL ASK A
MILION!

SURE, SON
—HERE'S THE
BOOK—
—AND HERE'S
—THE FIRST ONE!
—RIGHT NOW!

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Complete

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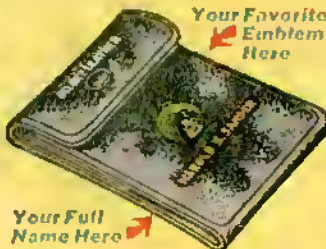
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